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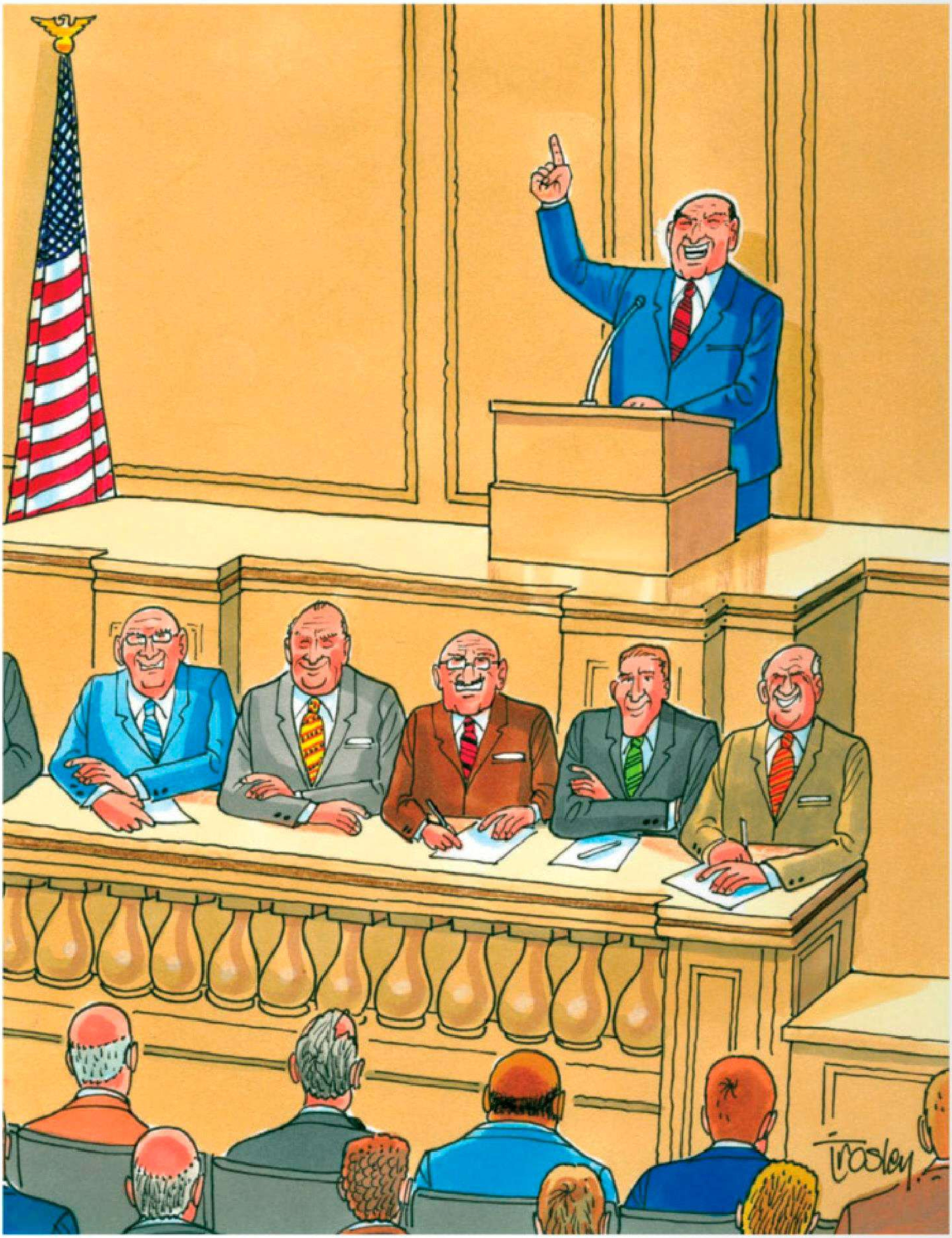

"You ask yourselves, is it right? Is it fair? Is it moral?
Like we give a shit! This is *Congress!*"

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Contributing Photographers
Holly Randall Productions
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Wilferd Guenthoer
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Records & Archives
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Sales Consultant*
323-951-7907, HustlerAdSales@lfp.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

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Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 41, No. 8, January 2015. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in September by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2014 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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THE ROOT CAUSES

The lessons are coming hard and fast. Despite six years of Democratic leadership in the White House under an African-American president, America's lingering social ills remain in a critical state and are still being expressed in racial terms. With the media oversimplifying events such as the unrest in Ferguson, most people will opt for an easy, polarizing position: Either the cops are racist or the victims and protestors are violent.

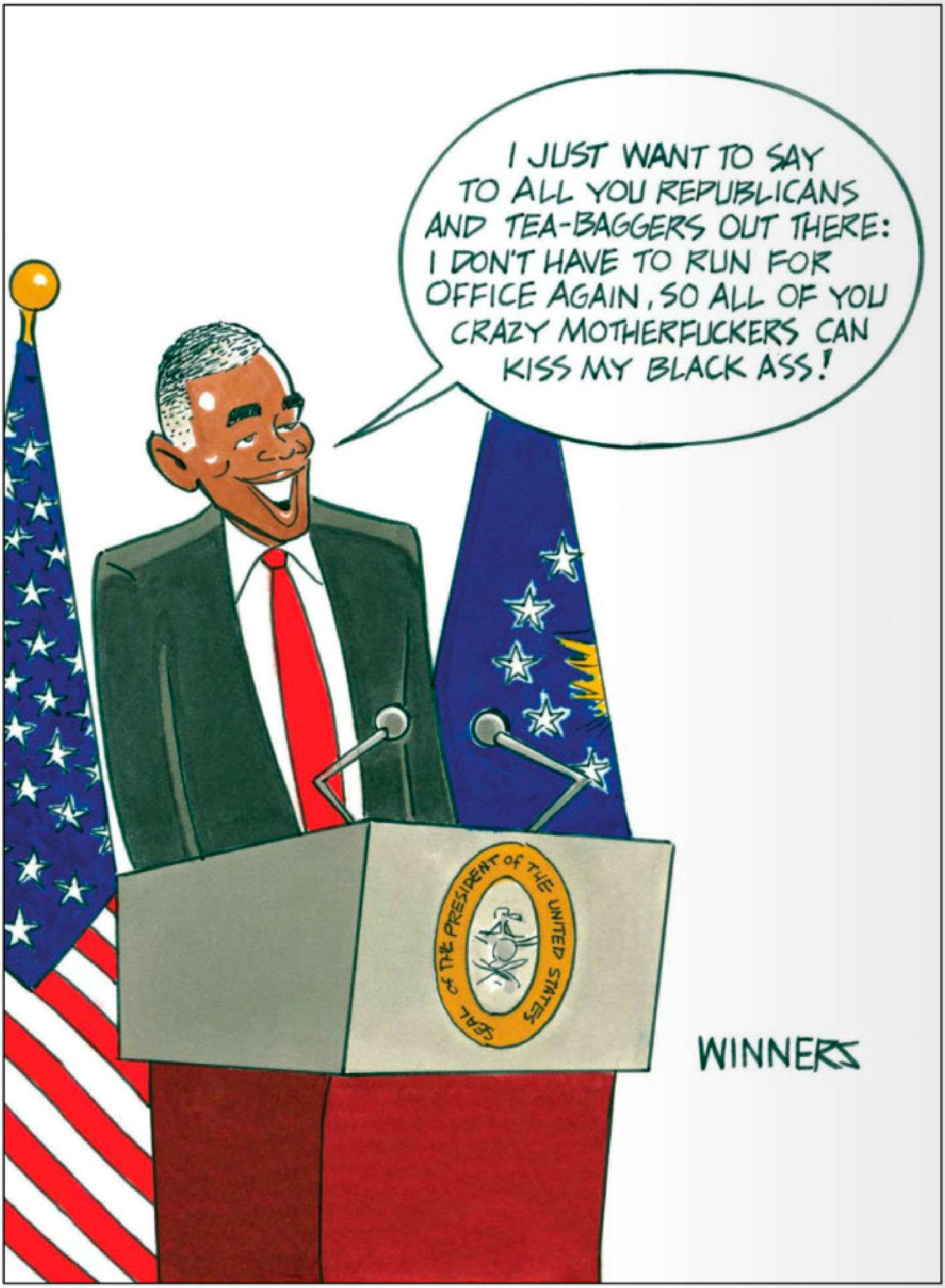
It's not that simple. The racial divide is a symptom, not a cause. Our society is being corrupted on several fronts: The obscene income gap between rich and poor is getting worse by the day. Unequal opportunity still plagues our cities and towns, slowly turning our society into a very un-American class system. Making matters worse, a divisive media takes advantage of a lack of general education and adopts a tabloid approach to everything.

These are issues that have to be tackled on a national scale. We've seen again and again that local politicians and the police forces they control get caught up in immediate tensions and lose sight of the big picture. Confronting justified outrage and protest with a disproportionate police response will always fail to address the deeper reasons for the problem.

I know that it is easier to write a column than it is to actually be a minority citizen—or a cop—on the streets of Ferguson or any other segregated city in our land. Because fear and anger tend to override our better rational nature, bad shit will continue to happen, tempers will flare, and people will die. But each time that happens, lessons must be learned and the injustices that were exposed have to be tackled with real policy.

It's tempting to focus on the symptoms we can see rather than root causes that tend to be hidden. But in the long term, there won't be any other alternative.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


I JUST WANT TO SAY TO ALL YOU REPUBLICANS AND TEA-BAGGERS OUT THERE: I DON'T HAVE TO RUN FOR OFFICE AGAIN, SO ALL OF YOU CRAZY MOTHERFUCKERS CAN KISS MY BLACK ASS!
SEAL of THE PRESIDENT of THE UNITED STATES
WINNERS

OIL, THE ALMIGHTY

THE HOLY LAND HAS BECOME HELL ON EARTH THANKS TO A NATURAL RESOURCE BUBBLING BENEATH THE SAND.

In the spy trade they call it "blowback," the unintended consequences when, for example, you rearrange the chairs in some other nation's government, and hijacked airliners start smashing into *your* valued real estate. Or to get biblical and quote Job 4:8, "As I have observed, those who plow evil and those who sow trouble reap it."

With such a stern caution from the Good Book, you would think the geniuses who map out this country's foreign policy would know better than to sow evil in the Holy Land of all places. But that's how it's been since the days following World War II. Motivated by Germany's genocide of the Jewish people, winning the 1948 election and his personal worldview, God-fearing President Harry S. Truman decided that the United States would support the creation of a Jewish state.

The chosen location wasn't Central Europe, where 6 million Jews perished during the Holocaust and where the survivors of Hitler's persecution were displaced and desperate refugees. Instead, the new country would sit where antiquity's 12 Tribes of Israel and direct descendant Jesus once dwelled: Palestine.

The United States was a very generous victor. It rebuilt the bombed-out infrastructure of West Germany, "punishing" its population—many of whom had voted for the Nazis—with arguably the highest standard of living in the world.

Oh, yes, the U.S. made some promises about a homeland for the Arabs inhabiting Jesus's old turf. But the policymakers in Washington, D.C., knew that was never going to happen. The Palestinian Arabs had no real clout on the world stage other than what their oil-rich cousins would throw them when it suited their purposes in jacking up the price of their precious commodity.

Oil, of course, is what empowered an area whose only previous exportable resource had been religious fanaticism. Ever since the 1938 discovery of that "black gold" needed to run the vehicles of Western "infidels," a dance of death ensued in which partners got swapped in the random opportunity of the moment.

Sometimes the tiny group of lobbyists and hack politicians who call the shots in Washington like an Arab leader, particularly the one in charge of Egypt. For decades the United States has beefed up that ally's military to help protect oil-rich Saudi Arabia. Meanwhile the U.S. claimed to be in favor of Egypt's recent move toward democracy but is now quite happy to back the military junta that deposed the winner of Egypt's only multiparty presidential election.

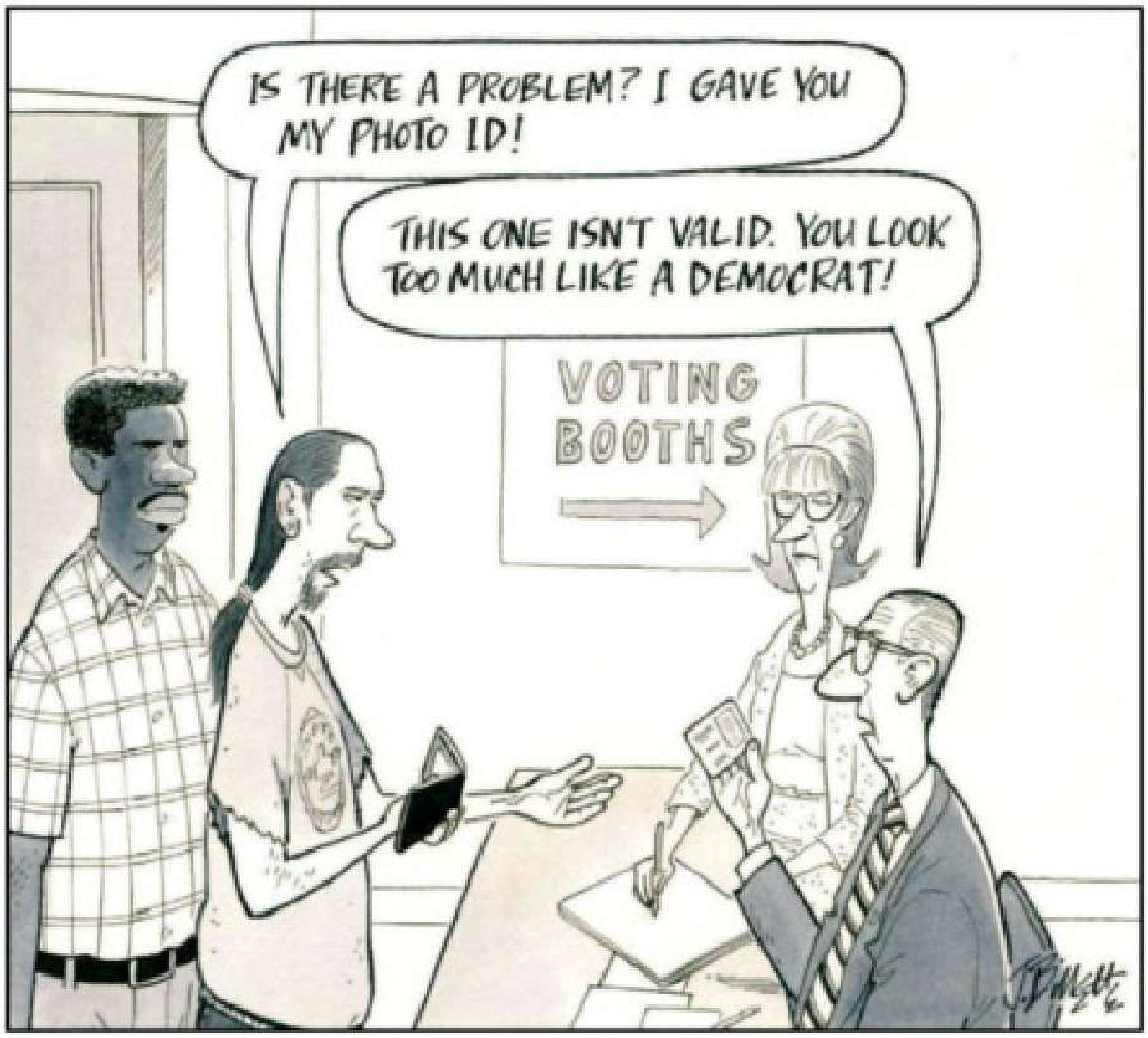
Our once-cozy relationship with Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein got very cold, although one suspects that some State Department insiders wish he were back from the dead to unite an Iraq that George W. Bush's invasion hopelessly fragmented. But most of the time everything works out nicely: Americans get Middle East oil, and the folks who live above it get the governance we think they deserve.

That brings us back to the sowing-and-reaping conundrum. Arab rulers look like they can control their populations, and they have really well-equipped armies, mostly paid for by U.S. taxpayers. But it turns out that while trigger-happy despots can kill a lot of unarmed dissidents, they can't kill them all in this age of social media and other restraints.

Nor can that mayhem be locally contained, what with the Internet and commercial airplanes enabling people angry at the status quo to easily access targets abroad. Not to mention what's much closer: oil fields, refineries and pipelines, whose vulnerability has intensified the hype about alternative energy and fracking here in the States. But the mother lode of "black gold" isn't beneath our feet. It's only in the Middle East where petroleum pisses out of the earth with the reckless ease and unrestrained force of that drunk in a bar who thinks he found the bathroom even if he hasn't.

In the end it all boils down to pissing oil, wasteful yes but effortless as well. As for the region's incessant theological disputes, they've been kept smoldering by fanatics since the first prophet started blathering and are still nothing more than a very scary but irrelevant diversion. If the oil dried up, few in the rest of the world would give a damn about what those Jews, Muslims of all kinds and Christians in the desert are fighting about.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of TruthDig.com. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


IS THERE A PROBLEM? I GAVE YOU MY PHOTO ID!
THIS ONE ISN'T VALID. YOU LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE A DEMOCRAT!
VOTING BOOTHS

KARL ROVE'S FECA MATTER

HOW THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S MASTER MANIPULATOR IS UNDERMINING THE FEC, IRS AND CAMPAIGN FINANCE LAWS TO WIN ELECTIONS AND MAKE SURE YOU STAY SCREWED FOREVER…AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY.

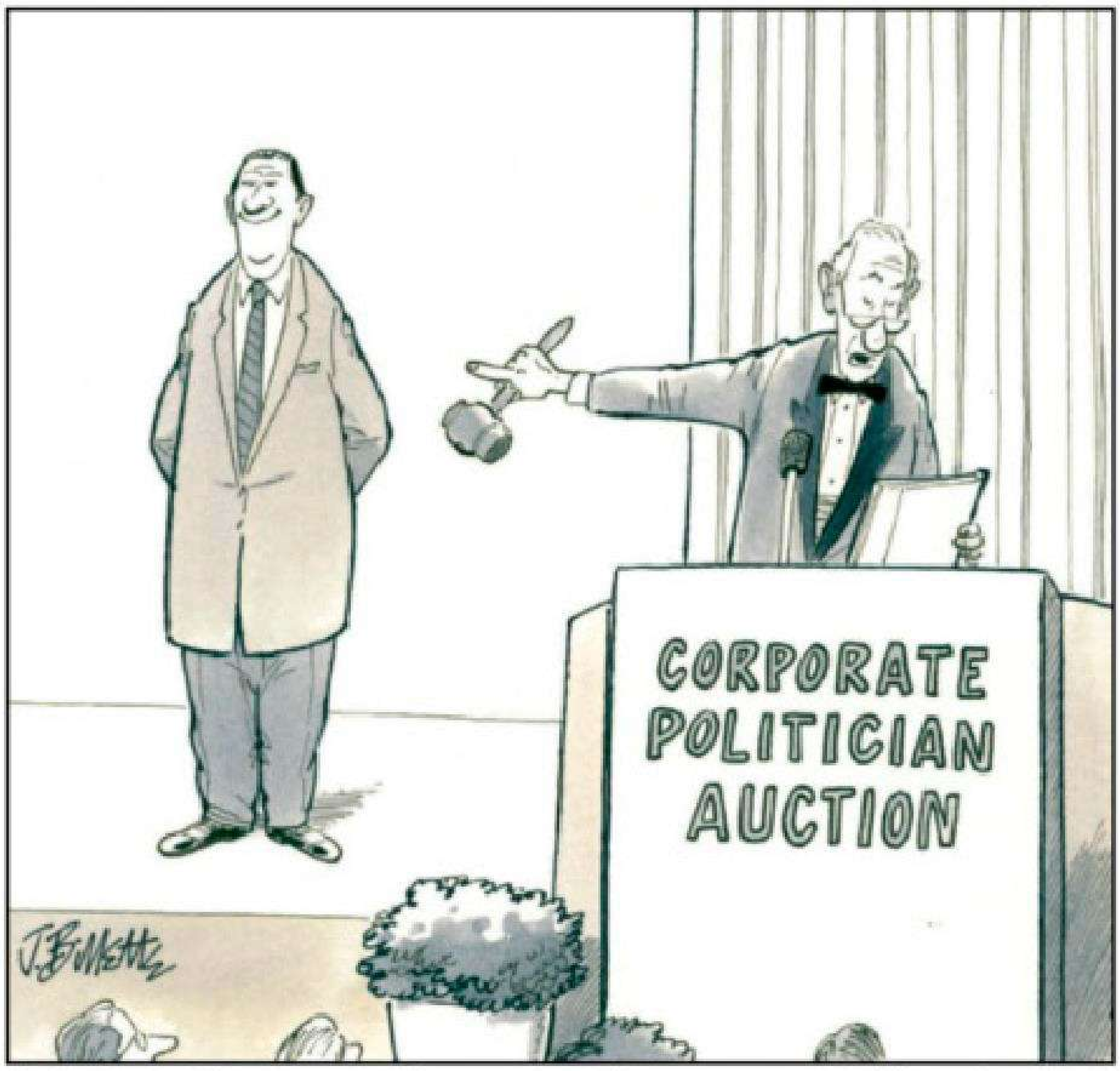
Enjoying all of those endless, anonymously paid for, bullshit political campaign ads this season? You can thank Karl Rove for them. He thinks they're fucking hilarious. You are his chew toy while he's taking a dump all over your "democracy." You may have known that for a while, but did I mention it's way worse than you think?

If you follow politics—and at this point who'd blame you if you wanted to do anything but—you know that in 2010 the U.S. Supreme Court gutted much of what was left of our campaign finance laws with its *Citizens United* v. *Federal Election Commission* ruling. As a 5-to-4 majority, the right-wing Supreme Corporatists gave the green light to corporations to spend as much money as they want on electioneering.

Spending money on elections is a free-speech matter, they said. And since corporations are "people"—thanks to *Citizens United* and other Supreme Court decisions—they have the "right" to spend as much as they want in favor of, or against, anybody they choose.

If you don't like it, you can spend as much as you want to in response. Of course, you probably don't have as much money—I mean, free speech—to spare as Walmart or Exxon or Monsanto or the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, but good luck with your campaign advocacy!

There are limits, however. Sort of. The Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971 (FECA), for example, is still in place. Theoretically. It requires outside organizations that conduct election advocacy to file as political committees with the Federal Election Commission (FEC) and to disclose their donors.



"Number 34 is next in the catalog. The corporate bidding for this Republican congressman will start at 3 million!"

That disclosure, the right-wingers on the Court pretended to believe, would keep everyone honest. Corporations and billionaires wouldn't want to be exposed as spending millions to support complete jackasses for office. That would be bad for business, after all.

But the right-wing justices didn't count on Karl Rove. Or, just as likely, they did.

Rove figured out that the IRS tax code allowed nonprofit "social welfare organizations" to conceal their donors' identity. So just months after the *Citizens United* ruling came down, he declared his new advocacy group Crossroads Grassroots Policy Strategies to be a "social welfare organization." Henceforth, gobs of money could come pouring in from his billionaire pals who didn't want to be outed as the right-wing nuts they are.

And it did. In 2010 Crossroads GPS collected and then spent $20 million—more than half of its budget—on electioneering, completely in support of Republicans. The donors of that dark money stayed a secret, and the GOP swept into power. Crossroads GPS, along with other right-wing groups that wanted in on the same scam, did it again in 2012. This time they spent hundreds of millions to corrupt our elections with anonymous dark money.

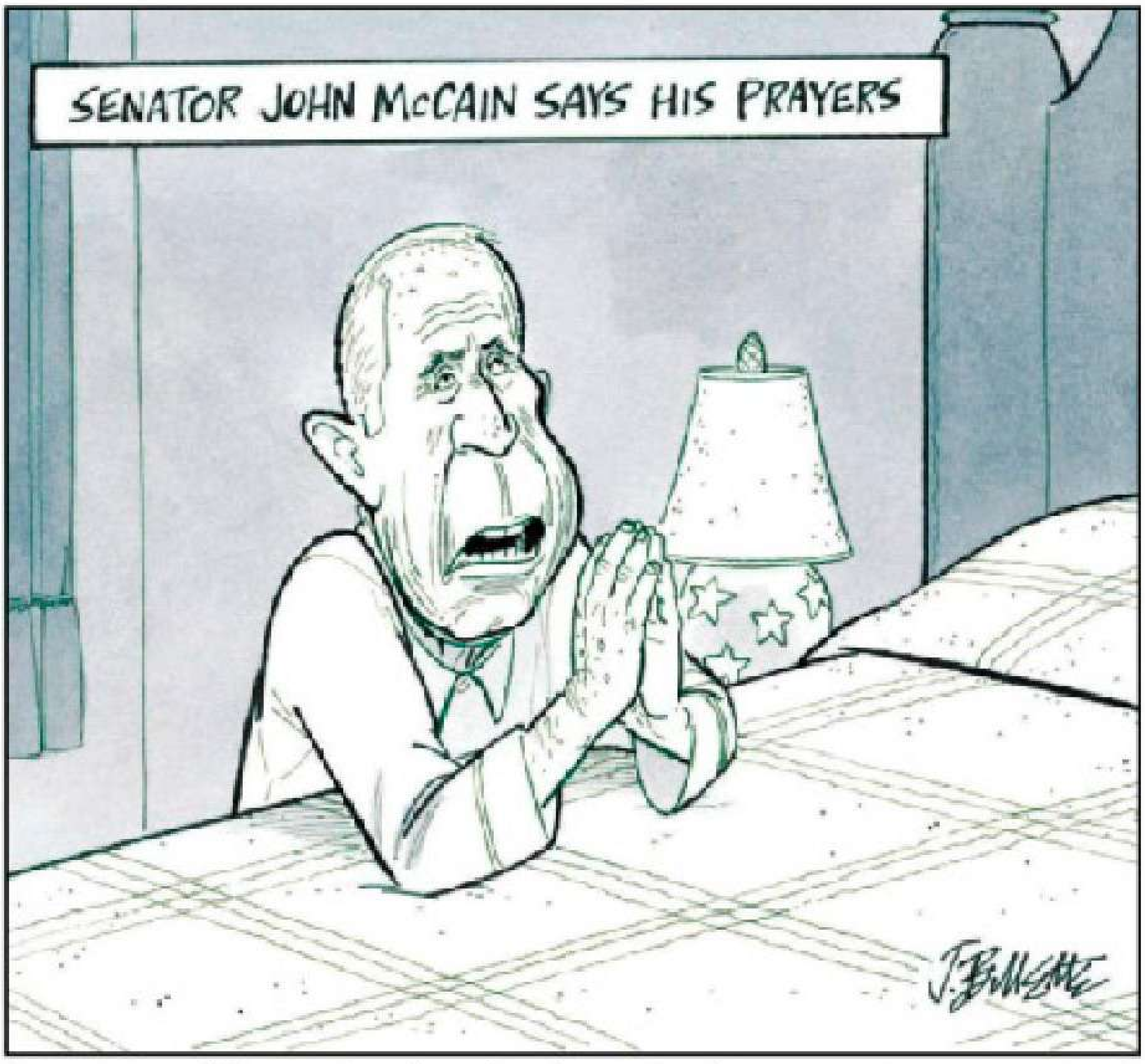
Public Citizen, The Campaign Legal Center, ProtectOurElections.org and other upstanding watchdog groups were onto Crossroads GPS from the gitgo. In October 2010 they filed an administrative complaint with the Federal Election Commission, charging that the group's political campaign expenditures violated the FECA.

Staff attorneys at the FEC concurred. In their estimation, Rove's group was not a tax-exempt "social welfare organization" but merely a bona fide political committee that should have disclosed its secret donors. The attorneys recommended a full investigation of what they saw as clear campaign finance law violations to the six FEC commissioners—three Republicans and three Democrats.

But the GOP was way ahead of them. Back in 2009 it realized that as long as the FEC was stacked with right-wingers who would oppose any enforcement of campaign finance laws, they could get away with just about anything. (That's because no more than three commissioners can be members of the same political party, and at least four votes are required for any official action.)

In December 2013 a partisan 3-to-3 vote ensured that the FEC's diligent attorneys would be ignored, thereby shutting down their investigation of Crossroads GPS's massive campaign violations. The deadlock also ensured that Rove would get off scot-free—for bastardizing Congressional elections in 2010 and 2012 and for whatever else he and his fellow Republicans want to do in the future to further make a laughing stock out of American democracy.

But Rove will have to dodge another bullet. On January 31, 2014, Public Citizen and The Campaign Legal Center filed suit against the FEC, urging the U.S. District Court to overturn the commission's dismissal of their 2010 administrative complaint about Crossroads GPS. The plaintiffs consider the dismissal "arbitrary, capricious, an abuse of discretion and otherwise contrary to the law."


SENATOR JOHN McCAIN SAYS HIS PRAYERS

"Please, Lord, make the United States start just a few more wars before I die!"

Public Citizen president Robert Weissman noted in his group's official announcement of the suit: "If Crossroads GPS gets away with this, it will be an open invitation to every corporation and wealthy individual who wants to propel specific candidates into office. The voices of all those voters who don't have millions of dollars to spend on elections will not be heard."

Craig Holman, the government affairs lobbyist for Public Citizen's Congress Watch, told me, "We have a clear definition of federal election activity, and the Republican commissioners just decided not to use that definition. Instead, they created their own definition."

The FEC "is broken," Holman insisted. "So we need the courts to step in." He added that the commissioners' 3-to-3 deadlocks have increased "ninefold" since 2008.

"The Federal Election Commission is failing to enforce the nation's campaign finance laws," Ann M. Ravel wrote in an alarming *New York Times* op-ed. "I'm in a position to know. I'm the vice chairwoman of the commission."

The Obama appointee went on to warn that, thanks to her Republican colleagues, "cases are being swept under the rug by the very agency charged with investigating them. ...In voting not to investigate [Crossroads GPS], the commission's anti-enforcement bloc disregarded clear facts and law."

Without enforcement of the FECA, there is no more rule of law for Karl Rove. But was there ever?

"Crossroads is the behemoth of electioneering nonprofit groups, and the [FEC's] general counsel and staff completely agreed with us," Holman pointed out. "It's a hands-down call. This is a political committee. Their major purpose is electing Republicans to Congress."

Ravel called the FEC's failure to investigate and prosecute Rove "indefensible."

She nailed it. If there's no disclosure, there's no protection against corruption. And if the FEC will not enforce federal disclosure laws, even when their own lawyers call for it, there will be no disclosure at all, and corruption wins the day—as it has since *Citizens United* went into effect.

But as I've already mentioned, it's way worse than you think.

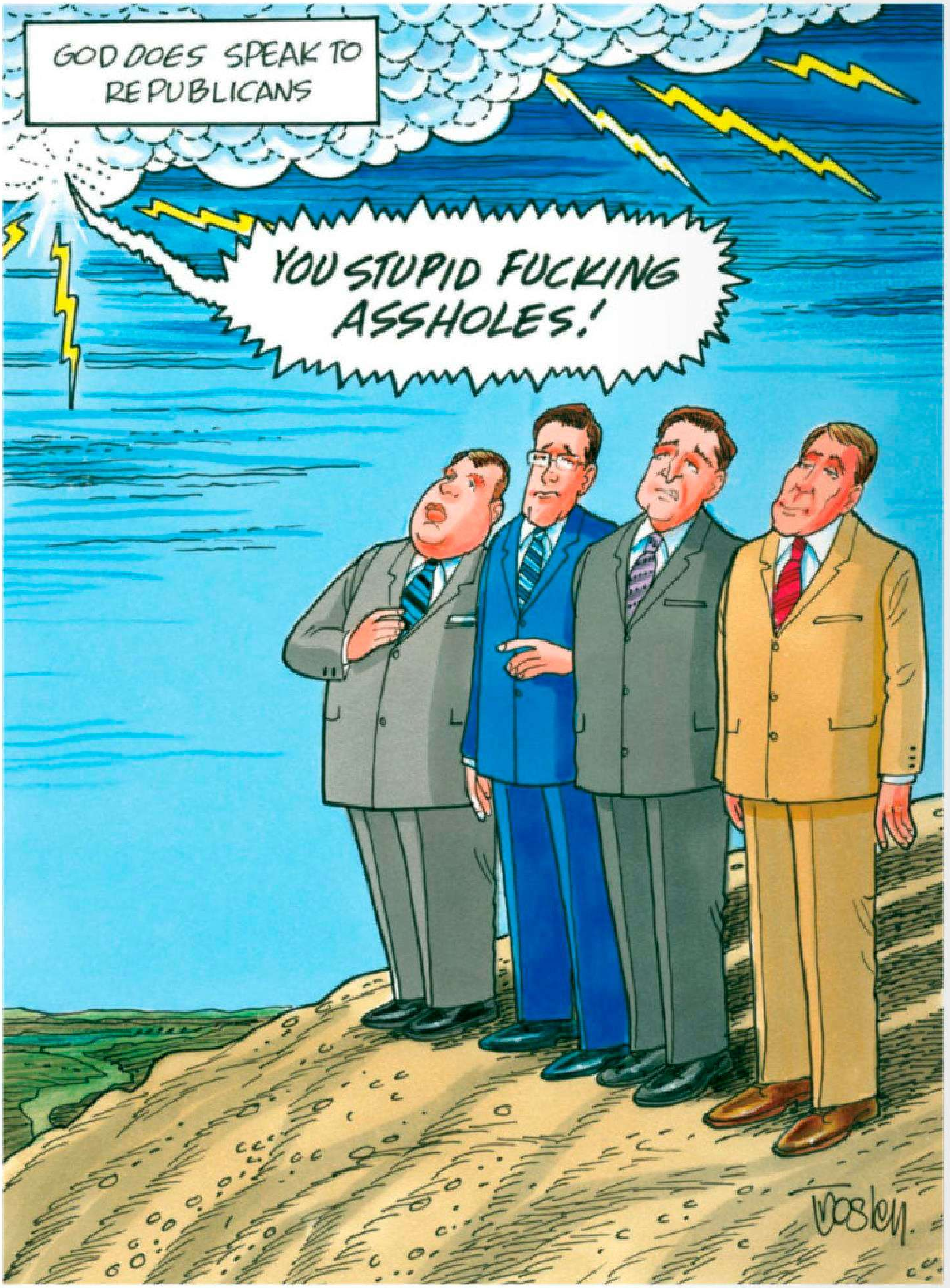
That pretend "scandal" at the Internal Revenue Service you may have heard about? The one with Republicans clamoring—and Fox News "reporting"—that Obama's IRS was "targeting" right-wing groups? It wasn't. Progressive groups were also scrutinized.

The IRS was trying to make sure that groups which filed as a nonprofit "social welfare organization" weren't really just political committees in disguise. But Rove and the right-wing crowd are so cunning with propaganda, they managed to turn the IRS's attempt to do its job into a "scandal," phony as it was. Thanks to this unscrupulous gamesmanship, they've effectively stopped the IRS from ever getting in their way again.

So it appears the IRS will no longer be eager to sniff out bogus tax-exempt campaign outfits. And unless Public Citizen wins the day in court, the FEC will cease enforcing federal laws prohibiting anonymous campaign spending.

The case could go all the way to the Supreme Court. And you know what happens there. Yes, America is Rove's country. You just get screwed in it.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).


GOD DOES SPEAK TO REPUBLICANS
YOU STUPID FUCKING ASSHOLES!
Mosley.

DINESH D'SOUZA

As the current issue went to press, this month's shit stain was weeping tears of phony contrition in a pathetic attempt to stay out of jail for violating campaign finance laws. Just in case the federal judge wimps out and lets him brainwash kids as "community service" rather than serve the time he deserves, we wanted to make sure this right-wing propagandist at least got sentenced to the kind of shame that never rubs off.

Dinesh D'Souza, for willfully perpetrating blatant lies and generally engaging in antidemocratic behavior that insults our American principles and values, we hereby name you Asshole of the Month, a dishonorable distinction that shall stick to your name as long as your legacy lingers.

For the record, we consider Dinesh D'Loser's felonious hijinks to be just a corn in the crap heap he calls a life, but we'll recap them anyway. Back in 2012 he stroked his longtime obsession with Wendy Long, the blond Republican MILF from New York running for a U.S. Senate seat. Already shelling out the legal limit himself, he got a couple of suckers to donate $10,000 each to her campaign, then paid them back. The kicker to the story is that Long had her ass handed to her anyway by incumbent Democrat Kirsten Gillibrand to the tune of 44 percentage points. Assuming Long didn't blow him for his troubles, D'Loser basically booked himself a jail cell for a lost cause.

"I cannot believe how stupid I was, how careless, and how irresponsible," he whined. We can; and so can anyone who has tried to sit through your so-called movies and read your inane books. D'Loser's right-wing pals, including Tea Party sleaze lizard Ted Cruz, used the pathetic case to holler witch-hunt, accusing the Obama Administration of going after D'Loser for his anti-Obama propaganda campaign.

D'Loser has in fact turned Obama-bashing into an industry. He wrote a diarrhetic pile of books stuffed with his Christian-conservative fanaticism and hero worship, then wrote one about Obama's "sublimated" rage (the President wants to destroy America because he's a typical angry black man), then made a movie called *Obama's America: Unmaking the American Dream*, followed by its brain-numbing sequel, *America: Imagine a World Without Her*. Basically, if you're not blowing Ronald Reagan's corpse in church while consigning Barack Obama to hell, D'Souza thinks you hate America.

One thing's for certain, D'Souza (born in India and now a U.S. citizen) doesn't trust his adopted country's ability to deal with the hard truths of its own past. It was weird enough when he blamed everything from 9/11 to Abu Ghraib on the "cultural left," claiming that all those depraved movies and TV shows are making everybody (by which he mostly means him) just too damn angry. But his own last movie, an epic, racist rewrite of American history shoved down the throats of multiplex audiences across the country, makes the non-case that Native Americans slaughtered for their land and Africans brought here to be whipped to death should be glad they, or at least the ones who survived, got to live in the new, improved, God-loves-it-the-best America.

What this Bollywood reject doesn't get is that Americans don't need their history sugarcoated and rewritten. We're tough enough to deal with the fact that the genocide of the Native Americans and the abomination of slavery were historic atrocities. Part of being great is grappling with your fuckups. At least Michael Moore, whom D'Loser incessantly accuses of hating America, never doubted we had the balls to face the ugly truth and fix what's broken.

In the end D'Souza doesn't give two shits for America, a country whose true scope is clearly beyond his comprehension. He's an opportunist who realized when he hit our shores as a student that there was a lot of money to be made in the right-wing think tanks, rimjobbing the robber barons who had rigged the game. D'Schmoozer's job is to trot around the country, arguing with whoever's on the checklist: atheists, historians, politicians, with all of his arguments boiling down to the equivalent of "don't ask, don't question, just worship whoever has the most money and shut the fuck up." Then he goes back to the hotel and bangs whatever scrawny piece of ass he wants—all for the sake of traditional marriage, mind you.

Remember those straw donors that landed D'Souza in front of a judge? One of them was a married fuck bunny named Denise Joseph whose husband recorded her and D'Souza together. In between the likely slurping noises, the Good Christian manages to blab some incriminating tidbits. Even more illuminating is the fact that Dinesh claimed Denise was his fiancée even though he was married too! In a desperate—and futile—liar's bid to keep his cushy job as President of King's College in New York, D'Splooger said he didn't know Christians couldn't be engaged and married at the same time.

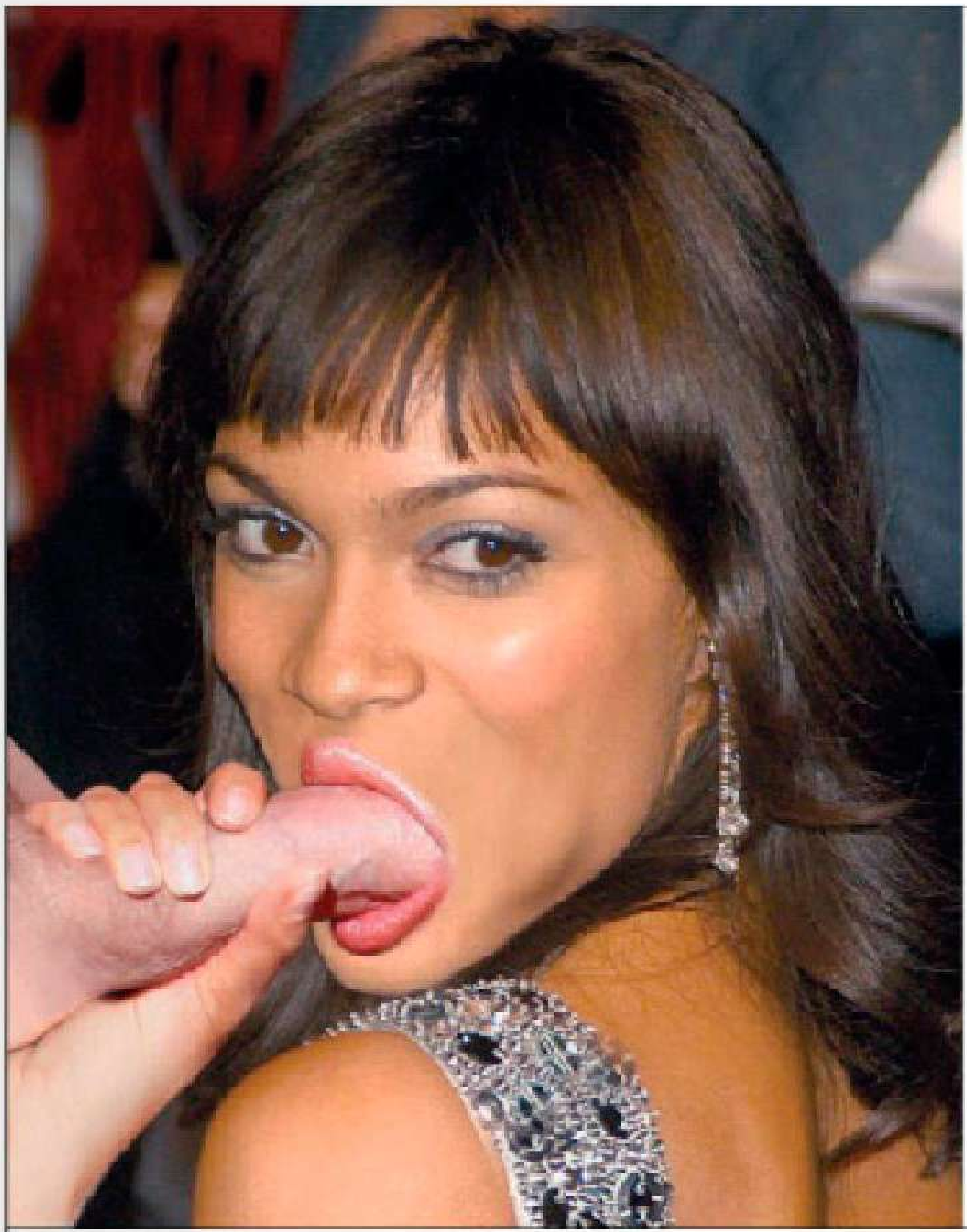
Just savor the revealed hypocrisy of that: The man who rails against Obama for his "attacking traditional values agenda" is a hypocritical adulterer. That's a death sentence in the Bible. If D'Souza just goes to jail, he's getting off easy. H

A HUSTLER NEW YEAR'S

EXERCISE MORE? DRINK LESS? GIVE UP CIGARETTES? HELL, NO! THIS YEAR MAKE A RESOLUTION THAT ACTUALLY MAKES A FUCKING DIFFERENCE: GET YOUR GAL TO DEEP-THROAT. WITH OUR EASY HOW-TO, YOU'LL FEEL HER THROAT CLOSE AROUND YOUR COCK AS HER LIPS KISS YOUR BALLS. RESOLVE TO TURN ORDINARY DICK-LICKING INTO MIND-BLASTING BLOWJOBS!

GIVE A LITTLE TO GET A LOT.
HAVE HER USE PLENTY, AND WE'RE TALKING OODLES OF SPIT.
TAKE IT SLOW. INCH BY INCH BY INCH. RESIST THE URGE TO BUCK YOUR HIPS.
OFFER UP ADDITIONAL INCENTIVE, LIKE, "SWALLOW IT ALL, BABY, AND I'LL TAKE YOU SHOPPING." (* NOTE: USE ONLY IF NECESSARY.)
SMEAR CHOCOLATE OR WHIPPED CREAM AROUND THE BASE OF YOUR DICK.
COMPLIMENT HER ON ANY FUCKING THING YOU CAN THINK OF. REPEAT.
SWEET SUCKCESS!

"Sometimes too much to drink is barely enough." —MARK TWAIN, AUTHOR



WHAT WOULD ROSARIO DAWSON LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

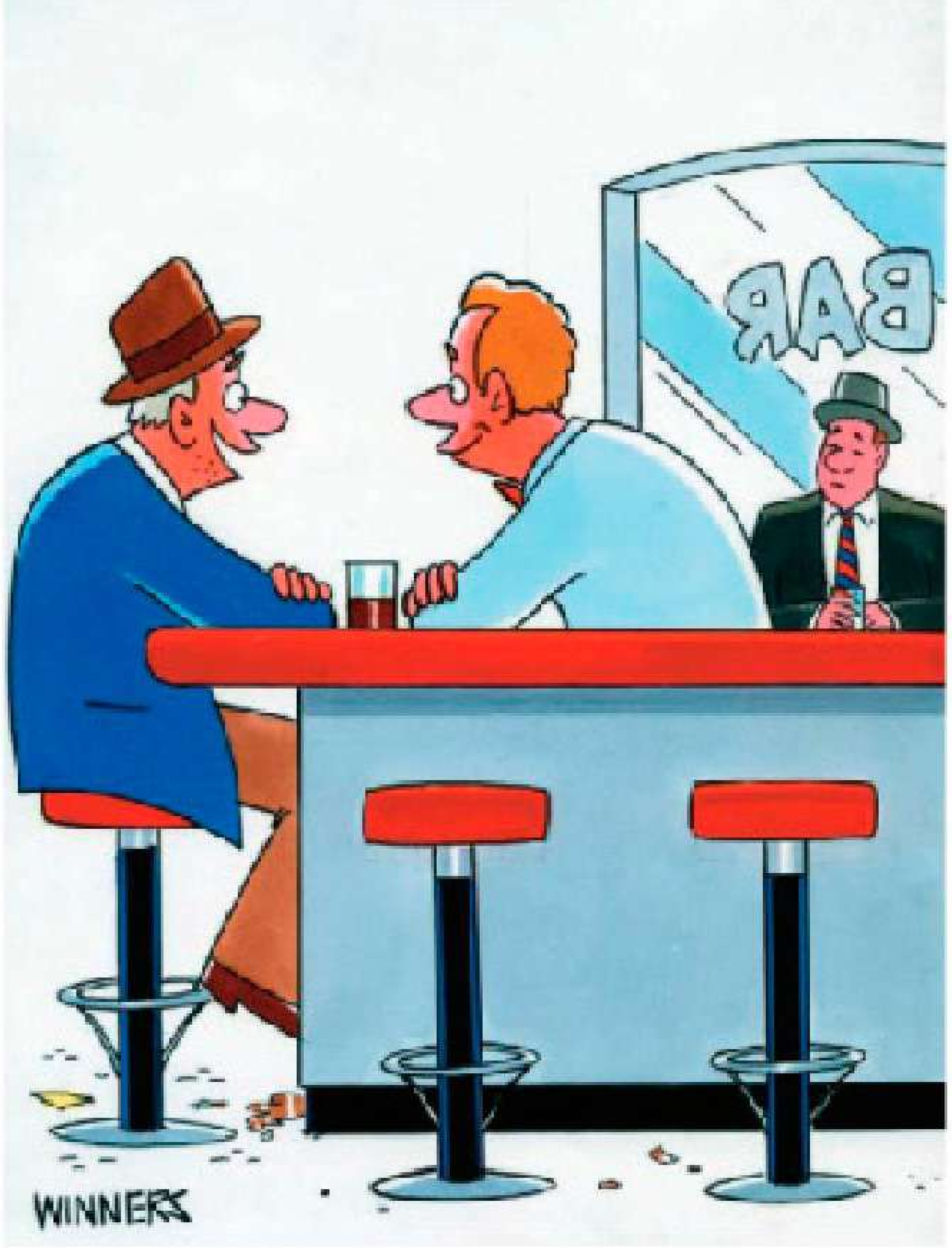
Sinsational! A dominatrix in her newest flick, **Rosario** continues to play up her baser instincts as prostitutes, drug addicts, streetwalkers and…well, prostitutes. Thankfully, her career has been commandeered by the General, as she fondly refers to her pussy. Aside from her obvious attributes, we like her because she's talented and an outspoken activist. Plus, she can speak perfect Klingon. *majQa'* **Rosario**!

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Rosario Dawson actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"You only live once. You don't want your tombstone to read, 'Played It Safe.'" —ROSARIO DAWSON, ACTRESS

PORN FROM THE PAST

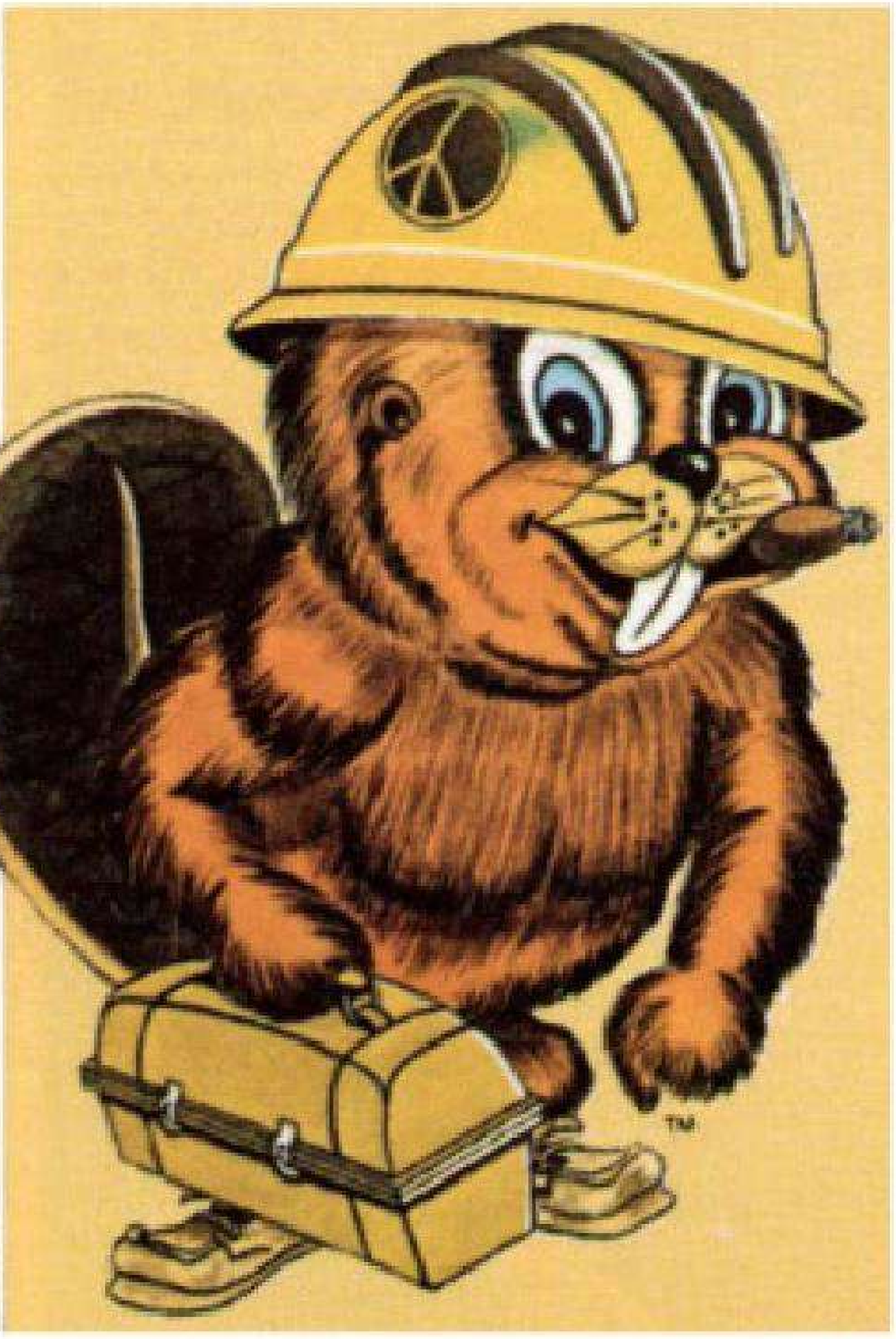
"R-E-S-P-E-C-T. Find out what it means to me." Thanks to T.I. of Green Valley, Arizona, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"My wife claims I never listen when she has something to say. At least that's what I *think* the bitch said."

BITS & PIECES

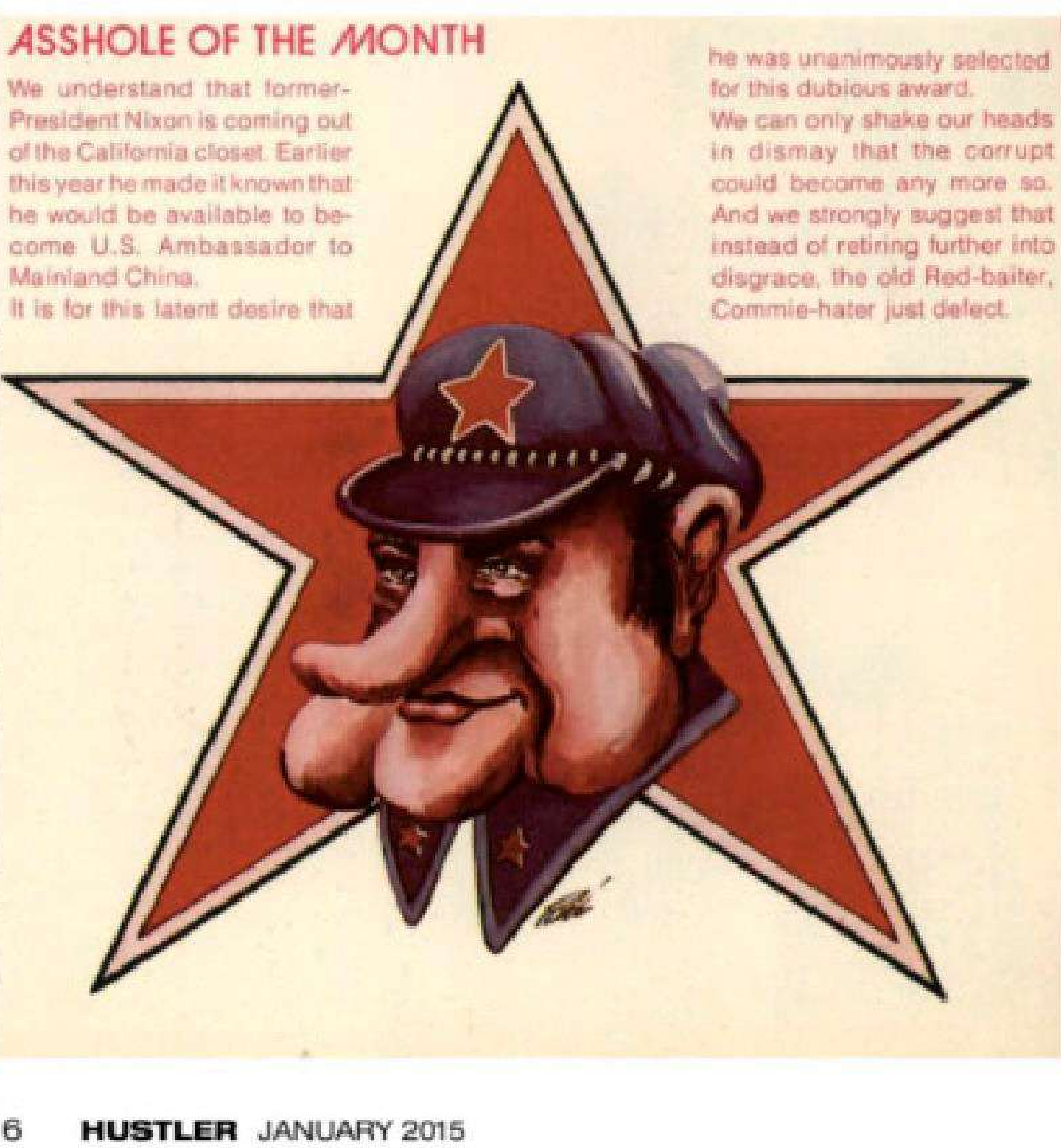
CLASSICS



THE ORIGINAL BUCKY, JULY '76

PORN FROM THE PAST, MAY '83

40th ANNIVERSARY HUSTLER

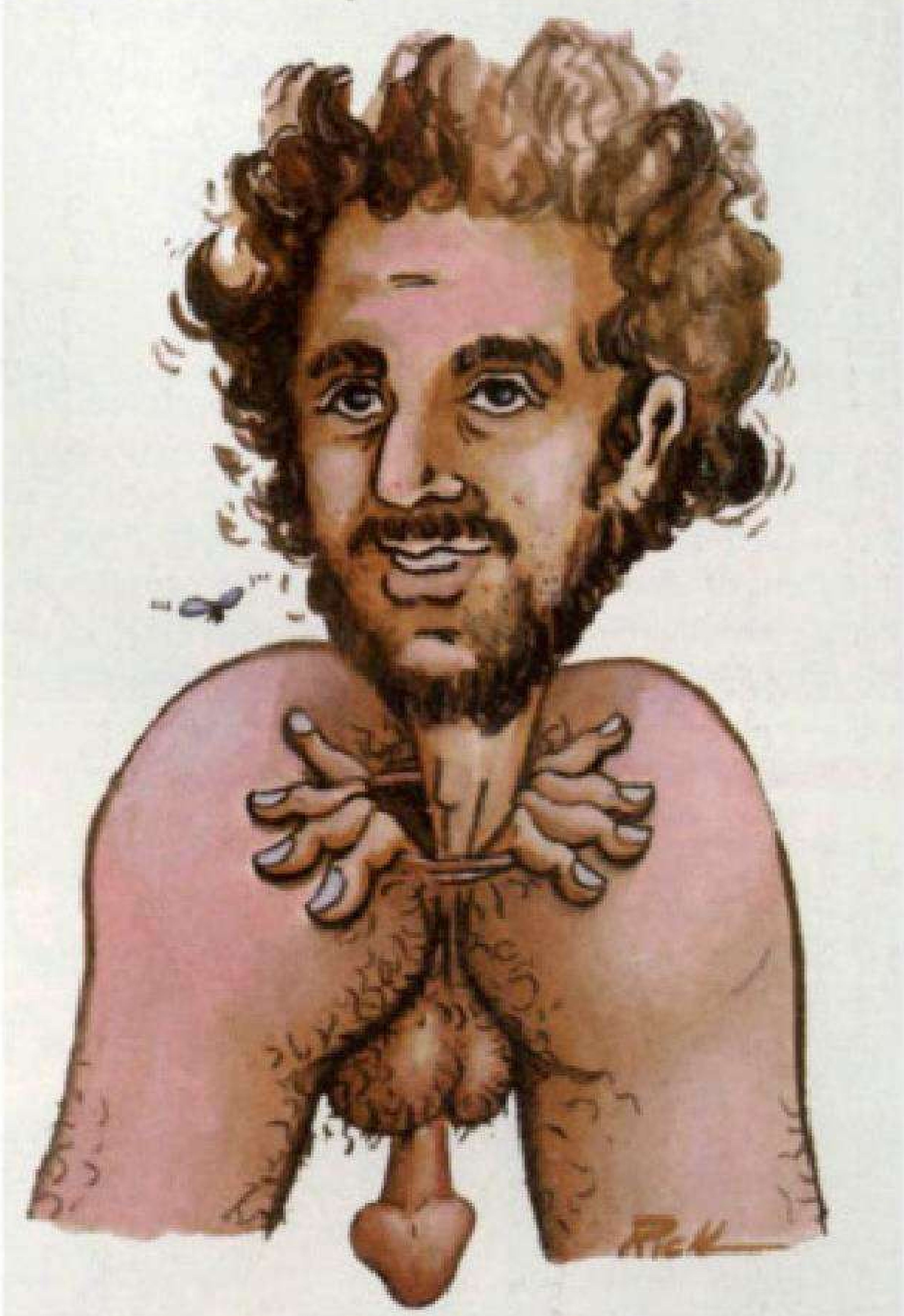


ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

We understand that former-President Nixon is coming out of the California closet. Earlier this year he made it known that he would be available to become U.S. Ambassador to Mainland China.

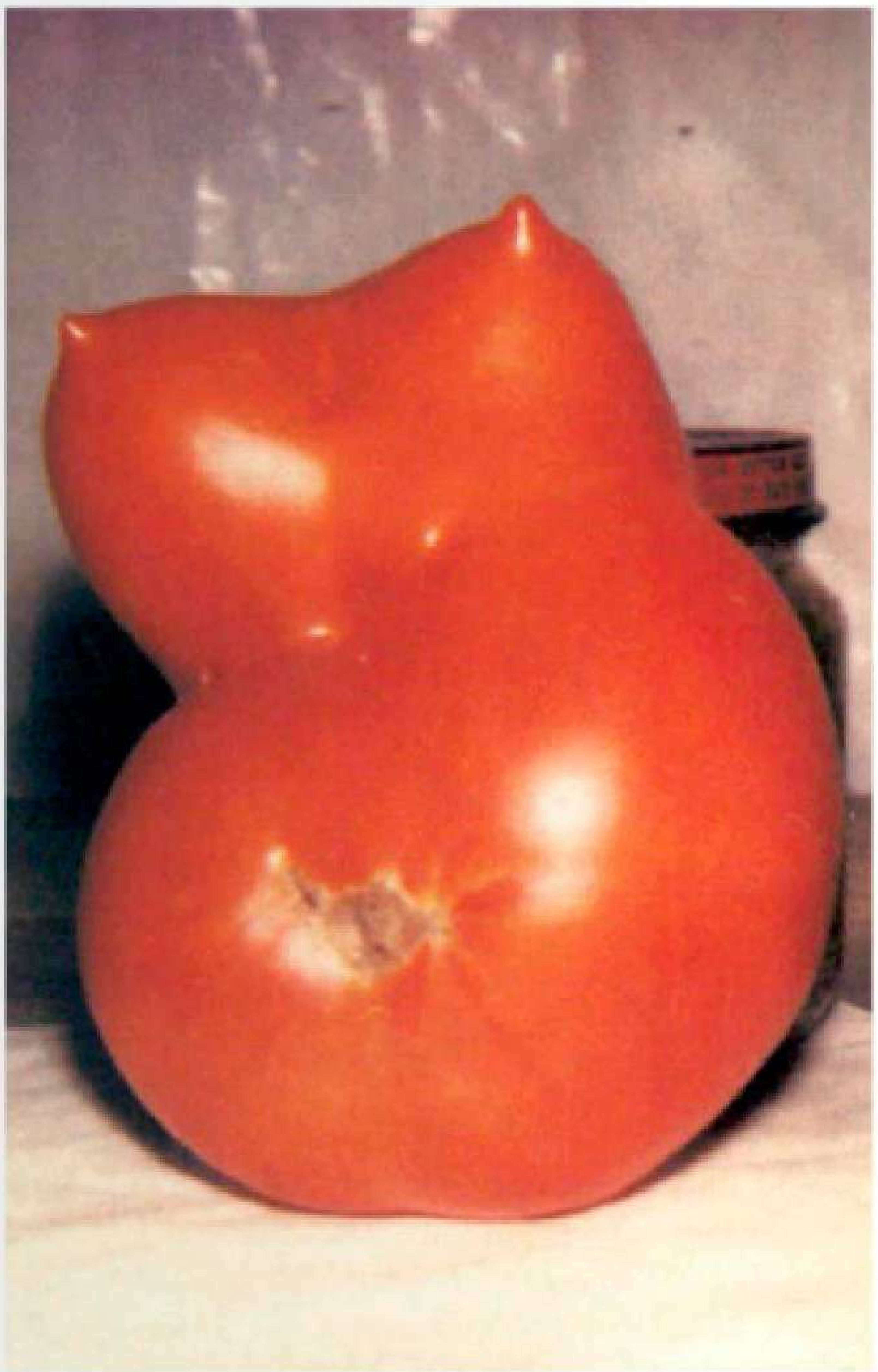
It is for this latent desire that he was unanimously selected for this dubious award.

We can only shake our heads in dismay that the corrupt could become any more so. And we strongly suggest that instead of retiring further into disgrace, the old Red-baiter, Commie-hater just defect.

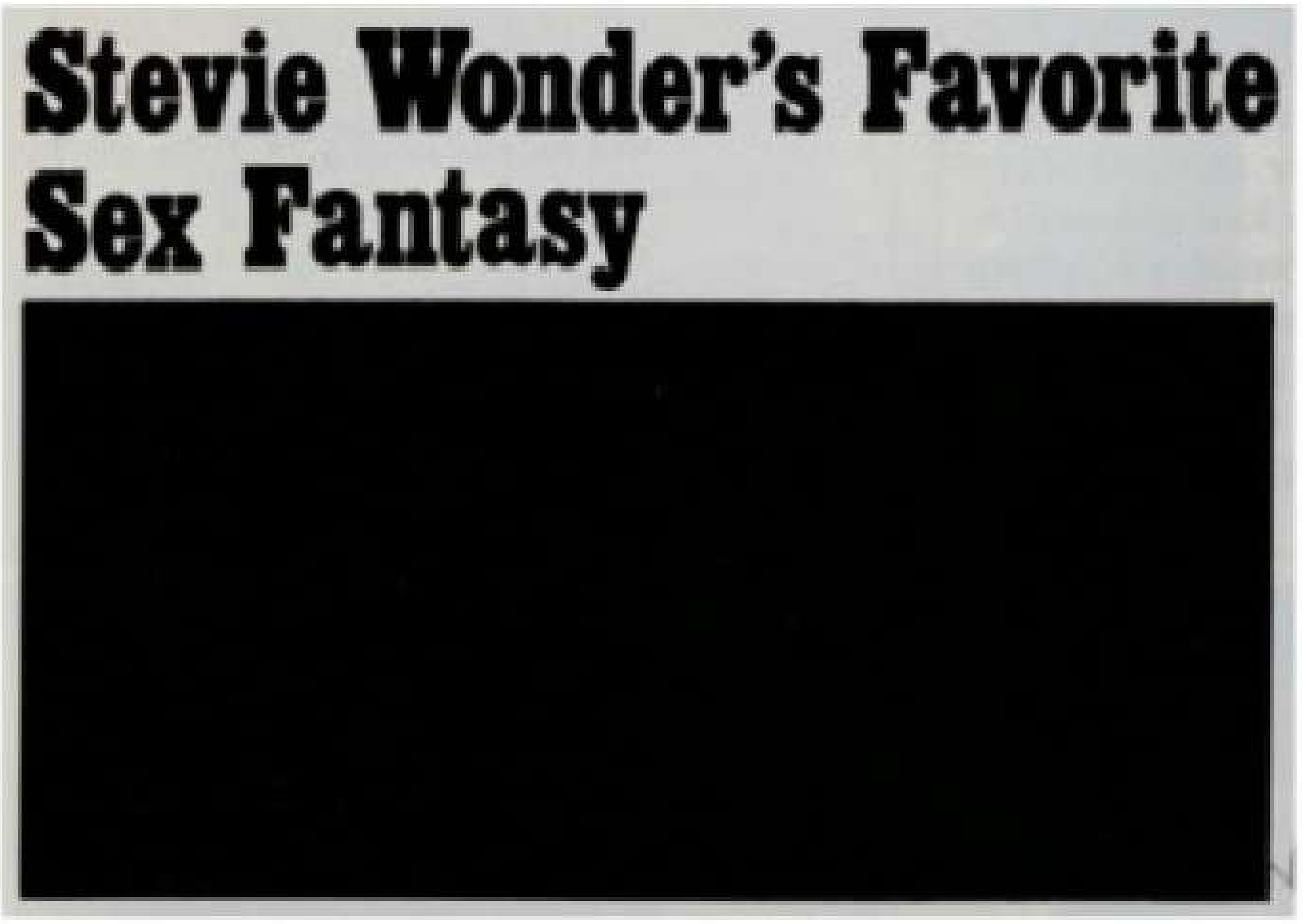


EARLY ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH RICHARD NIXON, JUNE '75 & AL GOLDSTEIN, AUGUST '75

"When the President does it, that means it's not illegal." —RICHARD M. NIXON, EX-PRESIDENT

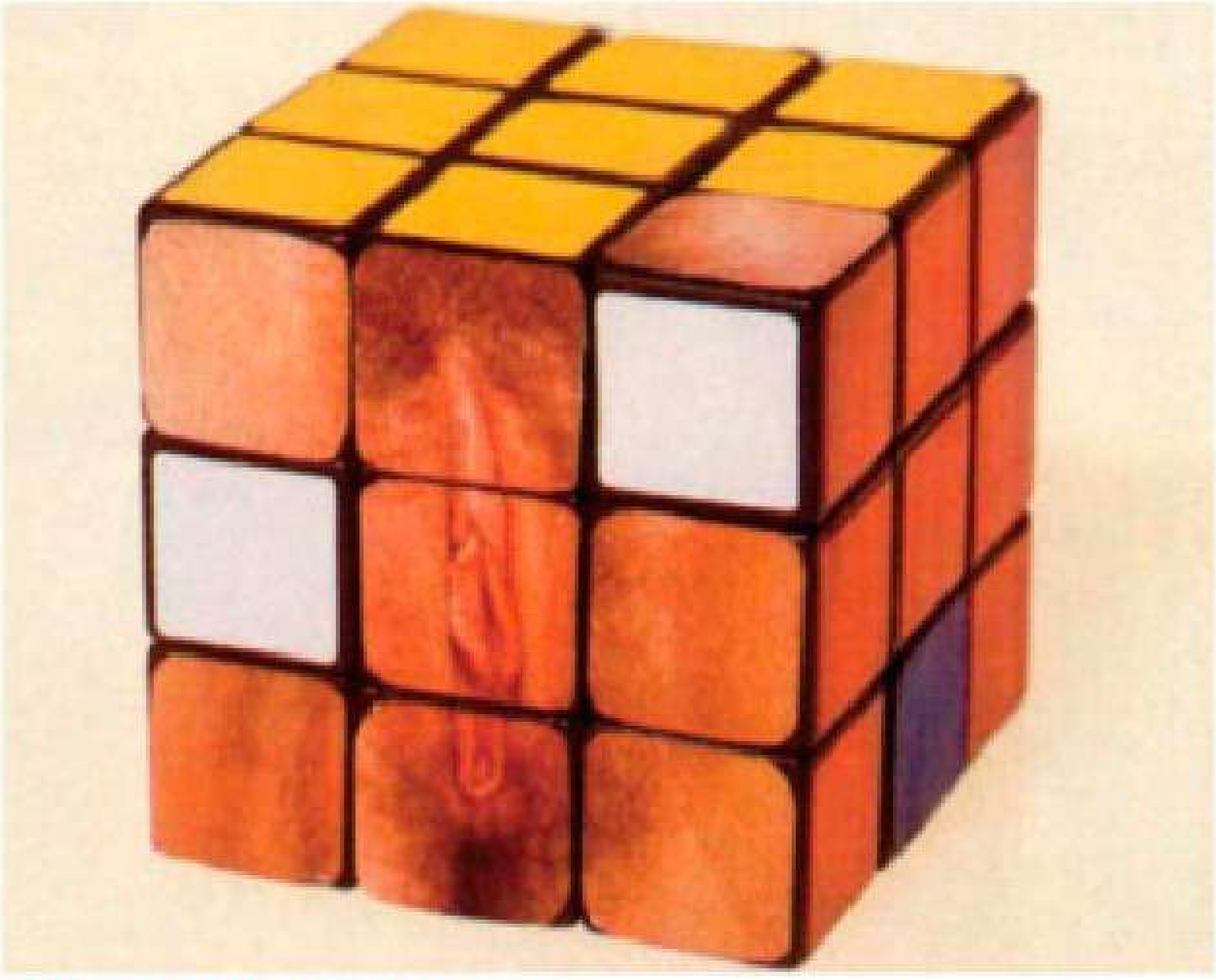


THE DOLLY PARTON OF FRUIT, JANUARY '82



Stevie Wonder's Favorite Sex Fantasy

OCTOBER '83



PUBIC'S CUBE, APRIL '82

New Safety Products ...From the Stars!

William Holden Drinking Helmet

Natalie Wood Inflatable Nightgown

APRIL '84

"I was the first woman to burn my bra. It took the fire department four days to put it out." —DOLLY PARTON, SINGER

Honey Pot

After receiving my October '14 HUSTLER, I have to tell you guys your magazine is clearly the best at showing off sexy women and their delicious, sexy pussies. I just love the way HUSTLER photographs women—pretty young babes showing us their bodies in full bush and intimate detail. And of course the editorial content in HUSTLER is second to none as far as I'm concerned. I can only laugh at the conservatives who don't like HUSTLER and the porn world. I love both! One final note: I love the sexy, glamorous, beautiful covermodel and HUSTLER Honey Jasmine Caro [*Wildflower*]. Good photography in her layout. I love her sexy body and pussy and tasty-looking asshole.

—Dennis D. Comstock
North Muskegon, Michigan

Fave Flavor

In the October '14 HUSTLER, Cherry Hilson [*Flirt With Danger*] is perfect. Perfect in every way. It says she lives in San Diego. I hope that what happens in San Diego does not necessarily have to continue happening in San Diego. I could spend a lifetime between those, behind that, with my nose up in there. **—Jon Root**
Kirkland, Washington

Rock Thrower

What the hell is up with all these condoms in your pics? Sorry, I do not fantasize about condoms! I really don't! If you want to do a PSA, do it in the *New York Times* so no one will see it! And while I'm on the subject, what on this planet Earth are you thinking with all these tattooed women? If I want to see a human cartoon, I will buy a biker mag! Not in my HUSTLER! It's just wrong! I happen to think the female form is beautiful *without* murals splattered all over it! But I have been a loyal reader for many years! Keep up the good work!

—Ernest T. Bass
Valle Vista, Arizona

Ernest, you're full of it! Condoms, and even tats, are a rare sight in HUSTLER. Don't let the occasional ink or rubber fuck with your head. Maybe you should get out of Mayberry more often!

Free Your Mind

Man, I just started to really read HUSTLER mags. I never really paid attention to the other material or *read* any of the articles. There's some funny shit in your mags. I've been locked up in a maximum security prison for about eight years now. HUSTLER mags have it all: badass women, hilarious articles. All I do in here is smoke weed and trip off some of the crazy shit that's in your mags. So thanks for making me laugh and helping my mind escape this place. **—James**
Cumberland, Maryland

Blowback

Would you please quit bashing Republicans?! You are alienating a large part of your readers. You talk about what we would lose if Republicans won the elections. Well, let me tell you what I am losing with Obama and his shitty Obamacare: my health insurance. What am I supposed to do? I am not rich. Why am I being punished? My kids' health insurance is going up $600 this year. I have never had less in my pocket, and I am just an exterminator. So don't talk to me about how great he is. In a past issue you also said minority groups don't get a fair shake. You are going to have to be more specific because that is some bullshit. Whites get shit on just as much if not more so, and you should know better. The unbiased [*sic*] political coverage is just stupid. Please tell both sides. Shitting on half your readers is just not good for business. **—J.T.**
Raleigh, North Carolina

Wildlife

The *Beaver Hunt* ladies in the October '14 issue have been driving me crazy since I saw them. Sexy little 19-year-old Riley can model for me anytime. If she wants my cock up her ass, I'm definitely up for it. Shelby Star is a beautiful lady. She says she's 40 but she looks much younger. I'll bet she's a great fuck, and I know I could never get enough of her sweet pussy and hungry mouth. The Mika Lee photos were really great. She has great definition in her legs, amazing tits, an ass that deserves a long, hard cock. Thank you, HUSTLER! I love *Beaver Hunt*! **—Shawn Connelly**
Kansas City, Missouri

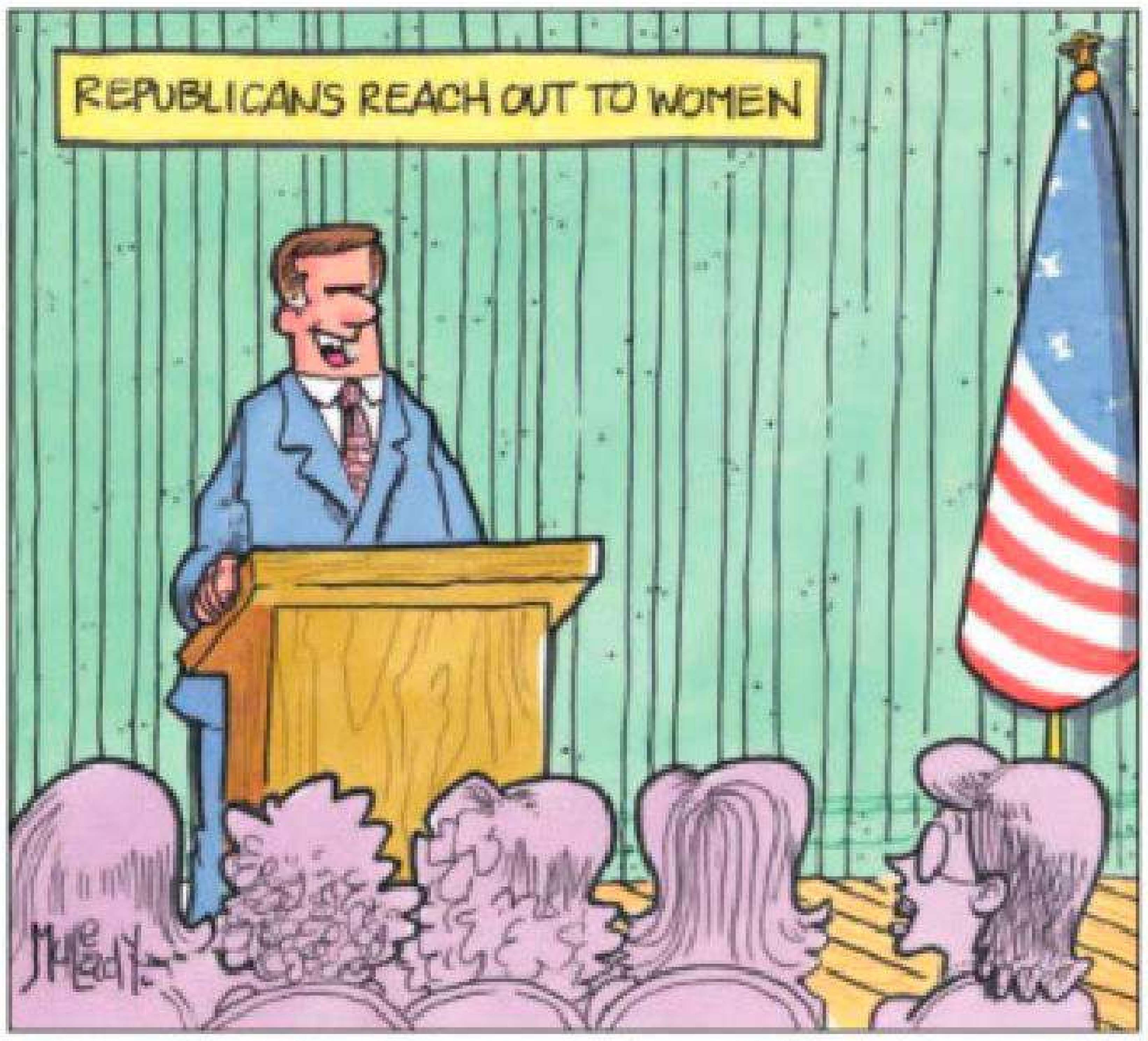
WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Yes, I am a fucking asshole with a small difference between other fucking assholes and that is I am absolutely correct. I am a theoretical particle physicist and I dare anyone to argue against me! I actually would love it if you could find someone. Bring them on, please, bring them on. I can describe the ultimate basic fundamental mathematical basis of the universe all the way up the genetics of the human being. Please find someone that I can argue with. I would truly enjoy that. Of course, I'm an asshole.

—George Gerhab
Hellertown, Pennsylvania

Take a taste of Jasmine Caro in our October '14 issue.


REPUBLICANS REACH OUT TO WOMEN
McCready

"Yessiree! No fag can suck cock like a woman!"

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*, and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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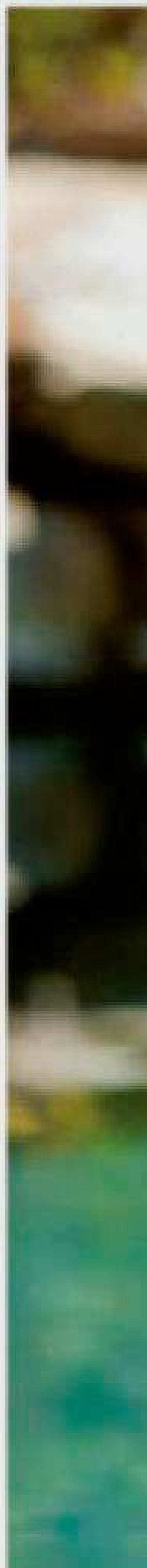
CASSIDY BANKS

PLUNGE IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS



Everyone always told me I should be a model. So one day I answered an ad, and here I am. This photoshoot with Holly was amazing. Best. Shoot. Ever. My fantasy used to be getting filmed naked, but I've crossed that one off my list. I had sex in the woods once—that was weird—and I've had a threesome. I guess now I need a new fantasy."

CASSIDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Denver, Colorado** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **38D-25-36**
FAVORITE POSITIONS: **On top and missionary** | TWITTER: **@CassidyBanksXO**

STRICTLY LEGIT

THE DUDE WHO GAVE WEST COAST HIP-HOP A BLAST OF THRASH, CONQUERED THE LIAR'S PARADISE CALLED HOLLYWOOD AND LANDED ONE OF THE HOTTEST PIECES OF TAIL ON THE PLANET STILL COULDN'T BULLSHIT IF HE WANTED TO. BACK ON TOUR WITH BODY COUNT, ICE IMPARTS HIS VITAL WISDOM. LISTEN UP. >>

ICE-T'S GUIDE TO SURVIVAL

INTERVIEW BY
KEITH VALCOURT

> "I don't have **sex** with a normal chick. I have sex with a **voodoo bitch** in a **cemetery** and she tells me to **suck her knife**."

HUSTLER: If you had to pick one: acting or music?
ICE-T: I act for the money. I do music to remain sane. Music is my vacation. There is nothing on earth that I could come up with that is bigger than being a rock star. There is nothing like standing in front of 20,000 people and moving them. That's the ultimate power. Instant response. Anybody in their right mind would want to be a rock star. It's the shit!

Playboy **or HUSTLER?**
As a kid your first sex education came from that *Playboy* magazine that you would find. All of a sudden you realized that these pictures did things to your body. It was kind of like magic. But, *Fuck, why? Why am I fascinated with these breasts? I got a mom, and she has breasts, but it never happened with her.* It's an unexplained phenomenon. They say weed is a gateway drug. *Playboy* is weed. *Playboy* is a gateway to HUSTLER. The heavier shit. HUSTLER was more focused on the pussy. They showed simulated sex acts. Girl-girl shit. It was a little closer to looking at a movie and freezing it. They still had some quality chicks. Which was important. Because when you start to go into, for lack of a better word, adult magazines, the harder it gets, the less quality the chicks got. Except HUSTLER. Also I got into the HUSTLER humor. A lot of my dirty jokes I still have and tell come out of the back of HUSTLER Humor. HUSTLER makes up a part of your life. Those kind of magazines are a lot like catalogs, to let you know what's out there. There are hot girls. There are sexy chicks with great bodies. And hopefully as you get older, you'll put the magazine down one day and find one. Because if you reach an older age and are still heavy—I mean *heavy* into magazines, then something went wrong.

What age is that?
When a man is in his 20s and he has sex, he tells his boys everything that happened. Gives a play-by-play. 'Cause you're kids. Once you are in your 30s, the only reason you should tell me about a sexual escapade is if it went wrong. I meet my best friend and he met a girl last night, I'll ask, "What happened? You hit?" Okay, cool. I really don't want to know the details. Because I'm a man. I'm grown. But if it went wrong, you can tell the story. "Yo, Ice, she had a wooden leg!" If things went out of whack, tell us all the details.

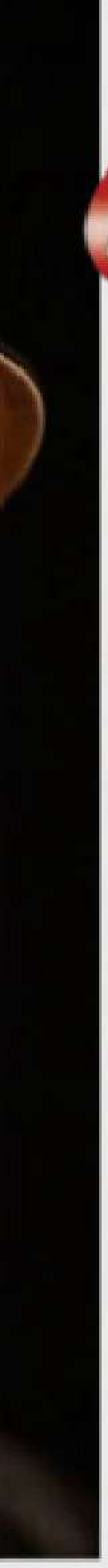
Got any of those stories?
The craziest shit we would run into is with the girls I would call "tweakers." They look fine at the start, but somehow in the midst of the date or the party they start to tweak. They go into these weird changes like saying, "I can't be photographed!" Who the fuck are you now? Did I miss something? A lot of times you'll have sex with chicks before you really understand the psychopath you're with. My craziest story: I got picked up by two girls in Canada. I was doing a movie there. They kind of moved in front of me and started kissing. They were decent-looking. I'm like, *Oh, man. Jackpot!* I get in the car with these girls, and right there I should have known. The car was a mess. Shoes and garbage. I got to their house and there was a dirty mattress on the floor. Candle wax everywhere. And piles of books about serial killers. There was a book on Son of Sam and one on Manson. I'm like, *These bitches might be getting ready to perform a ritual or some shit.* My dick crawled up into my balls. Immediately I played it off: "You know, I'm making a movie and I got an early call time." Then I found my way up out of there. This was long before I realized that usually when you're in a threesome you are not really even part of the fucking equation. When a girl moves on my wife, she is trying to get my wife. It's not she wants to fuck us. She'll fuck me if she has to, but she's trying to fuck Coco. I've never been a one-night-stand kind of guy. I've always been the kind of guy who needs to know who I'm about to engage with because the psycho chick is out there. Now I look in their eyes and can see these chicks are psychos. HUSTLER knows this better than anyone. There will never be a shortage of gorgeous women. There will always be a shortage of sane gorgeous women. **>>**

How do you keep it in your pants?
You're in another world today. You're in social media world. In YouTube world. The old days of a guy taking a girl into a room and videotaping her are gone. Now you go into the room and this bitch has a camera crew set up. They are ready to write the tell-all books. You could be part of this bitch's essay. The old days where people crept around and did things are gone. Now you're on TMZ. On YouTube. You're being watched at every moment. That's why today you better pick the chick you want to be with and stay down. The sneaking around shit? You're not gonna pass one day. I even leave Coco's side for a minute to go to the bathroom, some chick will be on me saying, "Where's Coco?" "She's over there at the table. Wanna Instagram that, bitch?"

What's the biggest misconception people have about you?
That I'm just some yelling, raving asshole. That I don't know what I'm talking about. When I do. When you are dealing with art, there will always be people who don't get it. I don't know if I ever want to do something that is so simple that it is for everyone. I don't want to dilute it. I want you to have to think. I named the new album *Manslaughter*, but it's about the death of manhood. They said, "But manslaughter isn't a murder." It's the unintentional death of manhood. The balls are gone. It's okay to be a woman now. People get upset. It shouldn't be wrong or taboo to say, "This is how I think as a man." People say, "A man is terrible. You can't be a man. You have to be more compassionate. More sensitive." Fuck that! You're a feminist? Cool. I'm a manist.

Why a new Body Count album?
No particular reason other than the band reformed, we got new players, and they wanted to make an album. Me and Ernie C (lead guitarist) had the ideas. These guys got it. Because to be in Body Count, you kind of have to understand what Body Count is. Body Count is South Central brought to metal. It's the khakis, the Dickies and the bandanas. The same aggression you find in metal but talking about topics that affect us. Body Count is grindhouse cinema in sound: hyperviolent and hypersexual to the point where it can't be taken seriously. It's what you wish you could do. People say, "Yo, is this real? It says you killed a cop." It also says I killed my mother. Did I? No. It has to be over the top in our songs. I don't go to my trunk and pull out a pistol. I pull out a missile launcher. I don't have sex with a normal chick. I have sex with a voodoo bitch in a cemetery and she tells me to suck her knife.

You played Rockstar Energy Drink Mayhem Festival. Was there a lot of competition?
Friendly competition. We love all the other bands we are out on the road with. We make friends. But I say to the young bands, "Have your shit together and be on your A-game because we are coming and we're gonna bust our ass." When the tour is over, we want to be the band everyone is talking about. The theory of being an older band doesn't faze me at all because this year Black Sabbath had their biggest record ever. We could have gone out on our own Body Count tour, but we picked Rockstar because we need to be out there in front of people that have never seen us. They are gonna see a front man who really knows how to fucking dominate that stage. They're gonna see real musicians. We don't just grind. We play. >>



CocoLiscious

California Exotic Novelties

Will we get more *Ice Loves Coco*?

No. We did three seasons. It was an interesting event. We went in there telling them, "We're not doing no drama." We don't fight. That kind of reset the game with reality shows. We named it *Ice Loves Coco*, which was *I Love Lucy*. We just had fun. The problem with reality shows is, trying to entertain people with your life becomes a drag. Because your life loops. Your life goes back into doing the same things that you do. If I follow you for a month, two months, three months, then you're gonna start doing the same shit. Then a reality-show producer is going to say, "We need you to do more shit. Get in a shark tank or some shit." Nah. We did it long enough for people to get an idea of Ice and Coco. You either love us or you hate us. Then we move on. We weren't doing it for the money. We got money. Reality TV gets on your nerves after a while. It takes all your free time.

Was it hard to be yourself with all those cameras around?

Not for me because I don't really give a fuck. If you are fake, it would drive you crazy. Trying to keep that up. I don't care how I look. Are my balls hanging out? Fuck it! I'm so comfortable with who I am and who I've become because I don't do dumb shit. There is not a secret Ice-T who is a sucker.

What's the secret to Ice and Coco?

ICE-T: Because this is HUSTLER, let's start off with: Marry somebody who turns you the fuck on! I'm taking about the fuck on! She should be able to just stand there and you should be able to bust a nut without contact. Turns you the fuck on! Somebody that is really hitting that signal.

COCO: On every level.

ICE-T: Other than that, you have to find out what that other person wants. Love isn't just looking into someone's eyes. It's looking out in the same direction. We became partners. I told Coco, "Stay close. I know what you're trying to do. I can help that. Let's be a team." Nowadays in marriages you are partners and business partners. She is my confidante. My dawg. She has a vested interest in my success. I have a vested interest in hers. We got one bank account. We are hustling together. With our organization Final Level Pictures and Final Level Entertainment the best is yet to come. Coco is getting all kinds of deals.

COCO: I've got a new burlesque show in New York called Coco and the Vanity Vixens. Then I have my new fitness app (**CocosWorkoutWorld.com**). It took seriously ten years to finally come out. I've always been into fitness. I won competitions back in the day.

ICE-T: She had all these people around her saying they could do it. But nothing got done. Finally we told our manager, "Find the best people to make the app and we'll pay and get it running." Within three months Coco was in San Francisco filming.

COCO: It's not just another, "Okay, let's do aerobics." I incorporate stretching and dance moves. I teach girls how to twerk. I make it fun. I'm breathing hard as I'm doing the workout. It's not like I'm like perfect. You get an update on your phone every single day. "Hey, let's do the Coco squats." It's your personal thing. You can take it with you everywhere.

ICE-T: Or if you're just like a pervert, you can catch the butt angle.

COCO: I just came out with a line of pleasure products called Cocoliscious (**CalExotics.com**).

Molded from your body parts?

COCO: No. This is for women. Very cutesy, glamorous and sparkly. You're not going to look at them and think, *I've seen this before*. I took all the top-notch things being sold and changed them to suit my personality. The most popular item is the lipstick vibrator. It looks just like a lipstick. It was invented a long time ago, but I made it supersoft and silicon-based.

ICE:-T They did the deal with Coco because she is sexy but not porno. A lot of women might see a porn star on the package and they get intimidated. But they see Coco and think, *Okay, I know her. She's a little bit more mainstream. This must be what I want.*

COCO: Then there is a line of glove-compartment lingerie called Lingerie in a Box. You can use it once or maybe twice and just throw it away.

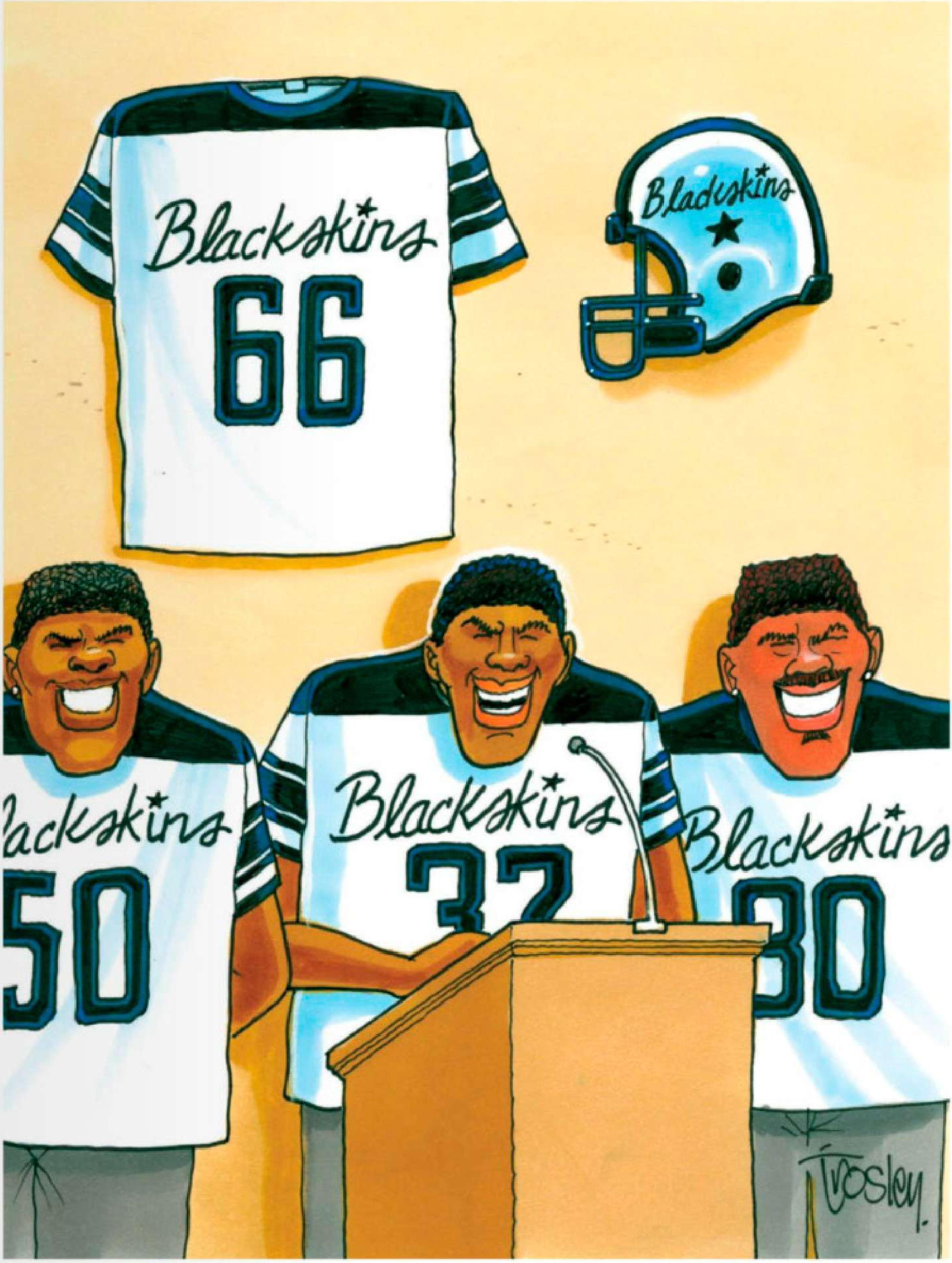
ICE-T: Really meant for one night. Throw it on, because I'm gonna rip it off.

Will bringing back Body Count hurt your mainstream career?

We are reintroducing people to Body Count. You gotta remember I've been on *Law & Order* now for 16 years. If a kid is 18 years old now, he was two when I went on *Law & Order*. He doesn't have any reference point to me musically. The reason I am on *Law & Order* and in a T-Mobile ad is because I'm that edgy guy. I have a level of cool that you can't get without breaking the law. Ice-T is the real fucking deal. I can't get every endorsement I want. But what I do crosses genres. I can walk from *Law & Order* to the stage of a rock concert to a commercial. I think people are realizing that everything I'm saying, no matter how controversial, is based in some truth. It is not just shock value. "Cop Killer" was a protest record against LAPD. The things I'm talking about may sound violent, but they're just aggression focused toward my belief. One thing that is important with this new Body Count record is that every song had to be written from Ice-T's perspective as a man of my age and in my position now. There are no records about, "Let's go drug, loot and gangbanging." There a record that goes, "You Wanna Be a Gangsta"? Dumb fuck. I made sure no one can say, "How can you write that record with your success?" All the topics are still true no matter where my bank is. As a writer I think your ability to touch emotions that other people are having is what makes the song mean something. A lot of songs out there now I can't identify with. "Tonight We Wanna Die Young"? Do you really wanna do that? I'm in a good place because I got a day job. I'm able to make the most real record I ever could. If it sells a lot, then we will be making another record. If it doesn't, at least you have an affidavit of my work. This is another book that Ice put out. Does it hold up to what he claim to be? Does it meet our standards? Fortunately, I don't have to look at this as a way to make a living. Because if I did, I might have to potentially sell out. The term *sell out* basically means you gave up your beliefs for the money. When I started *Law & Order*, people said, "Oh, you sold out because you are playing a cop." Nah. I still don't like the motherfucking cops. I haven't changed my beliefs. I'm acting. And I've got nothing against acting.

Any roles you regret turning down?

I never made a big mistake and turned down a huge movie. Not that many huge movies have been offered to me. I made a lot of whack movies just because at that time I wasn't prepared to turn down movies. People said, "Why did you do that movie?" I said, "Would you turn down $50,000 a day?" No. I'm a guy that's trying to get out of trouble and make legit money. I was fucking around breaking the law and these legit opportunities came along.


Blackskins
66
Bladeskins
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Blackskins
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Trosley.

"And just let some politically correct muthafuckers try to stop us!"

ABELLA ANDERSON

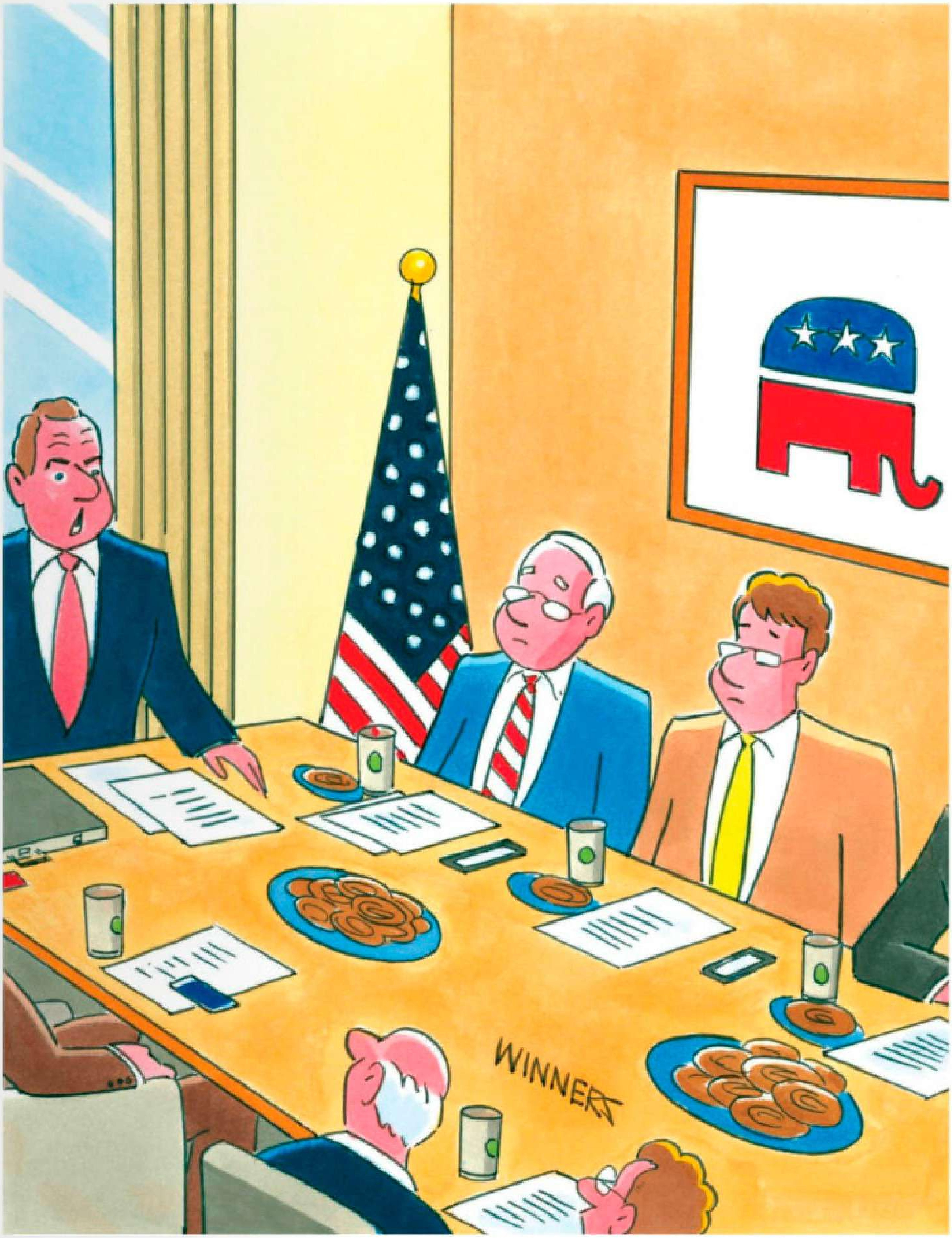
UNLEASHED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT
PRODUCTIONS

BLACK BONE
POWERSVILLE

I'm 100% Cuban, baby. Born and raised. With me you can't predict anything. I'm wild. I mean, sure I love doing movies, but what I really like is fucking in public places—at the beach or in an office or somewhere I know people can see me. This industry is tough. You gotta stay calm, have a strong personality and have fun. Fucking in public—now, that's fun!"

8 ISSUES + 8 DVDS FREE!
40 HUSTLER



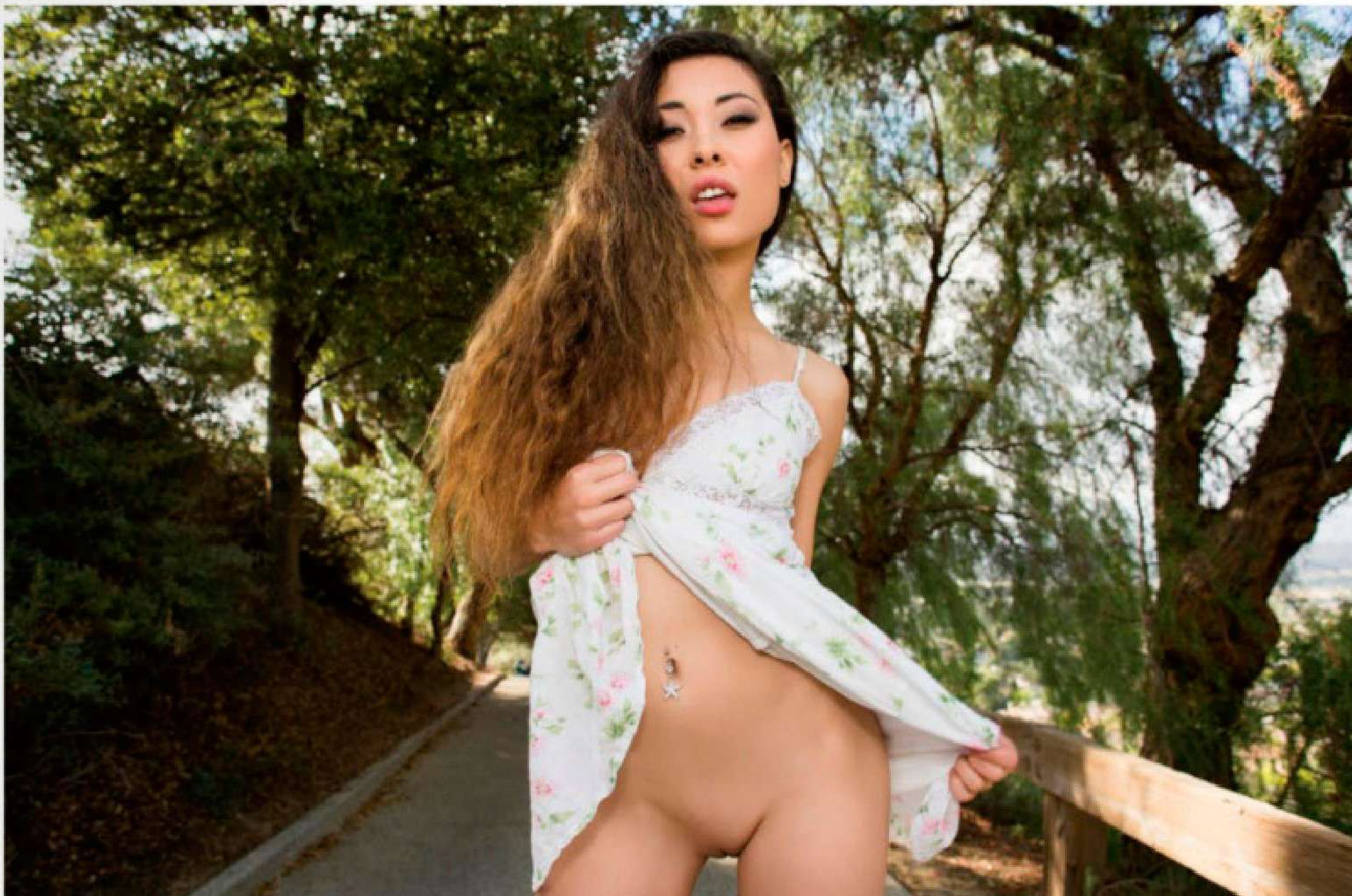
"Hey, guys, polls show the country is fed up with our bullshit.
Even our friends over at Fox News are beginning to call us crazy!"

NATALIE
STORM

TEMPESTUOUS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WILFERD GUENTHOER

I picked my name because I think Natalie is exotic, and I am a storm. I like action, I like to be watched, and I love having sex in parking lots. One time on a Marine base we trespassed and fucked with people all around and helicopters right above us. But my best sex yet? I met this guy, and he manhandled me at the beach in the middle of the night. He fucked me on a blanket right where the water was breaking on the shore, and we were both dripping wet."



NATALIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Carlsbad, California** | AGE: **25** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-24-33** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
FAVORITE POSITION: **On top or on my stomach** | INSTAGRAM: **@Miss_Storm89**

BAILEY RAYNE

GAME ON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I've dated just about every body type out there and can honestly say it really doesn't matter what a man looks like to get my attention. I love gamers. I love a guy who's into games and has no trouble discussing Nintendo, Sony, Microsoft, etc., at 2 a.m. over a tub of ice cream and a game of Mario Kart. And if he's into role-playing in bed, he can be Jorah or Daario, I'll be Daenerys Targaryen, and that would be awesome!"

BAILEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Indianapolis, Indiana** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **Honestly don't know and don't care**
FAVORITE POSITION: **CEO** | TWITTER: **@TheBaileyRayne**

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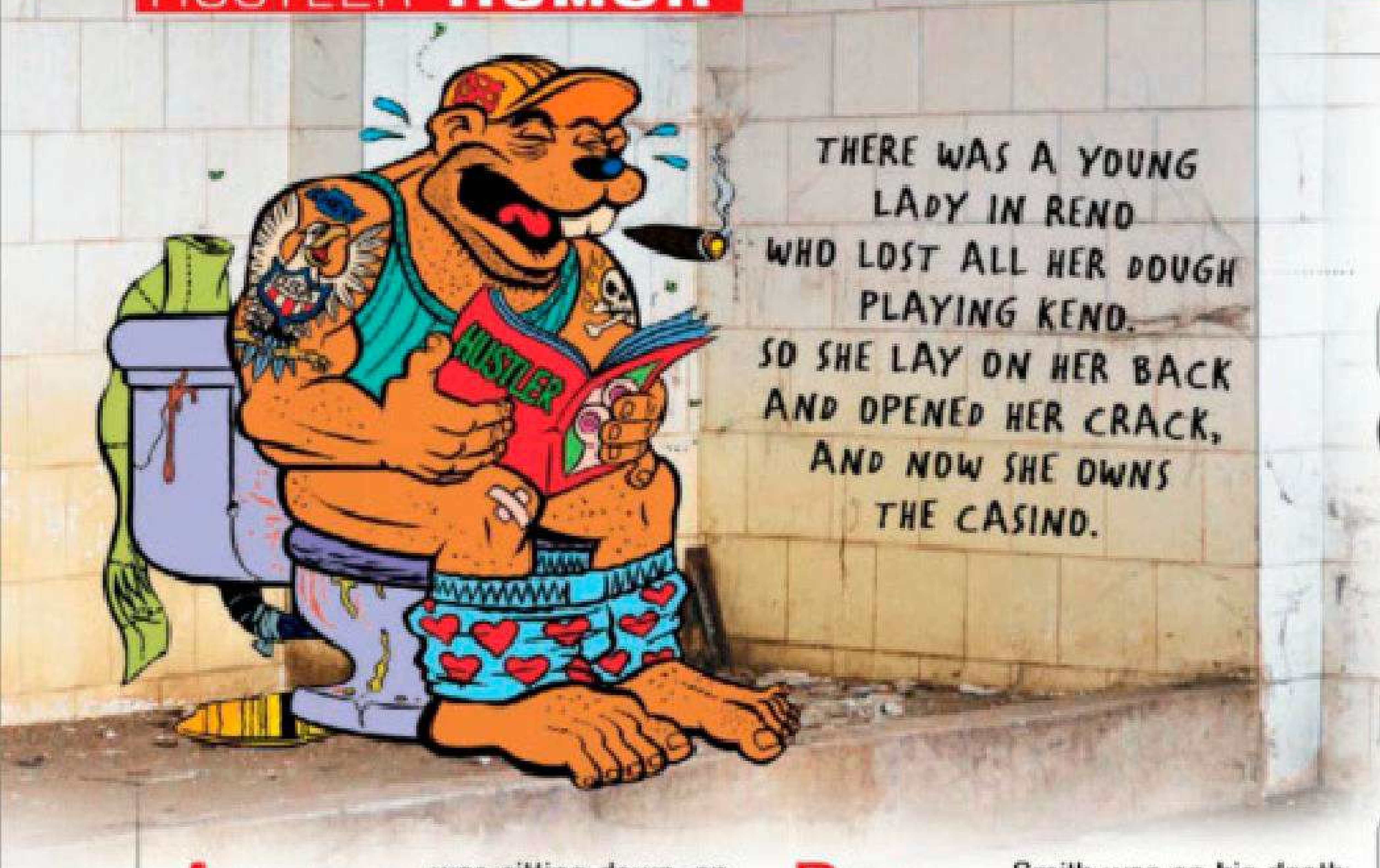
xoxo,
Bailey



Agnes was sitting down, enjoying a glass of wine, when her husband joined her on the couch and started reading the newspaper.

"I love you so much!" Agnes gushed. "I don't think I could make it through a single day without you."

The hubby was a little surprised at this outburst from his normally reserved wife. "Wow, is that you talking or the wine?"

"It's me," his wife replied, "talking *to* the wine."

Question: What is a blonde's favorite nursery rhyme?

Answer: Humpme Dumpme.

What do you want to be when you grow up?" a teacher asked her third-grade class.

Little Kevin piped up, "I want to start out as a Marine pilot, then become a billionaire, find me a gorgeous whore and buy her a Ferrari, an apartment in Copacabana, a mansion in Paris and a jet, all the while banging her like a loose screen door in a hurricane."

The teacher was completely shocked and didn't quite know what to do. So she decided to just ignore Kevin's response and continue with her lesson. "And how about you, Elizabeth?"

"I wanna be Kevin's whore."

Question: What's the difference between a bonus and a boner?

Answer: Your wife will blow your bonus.

Doug Smith was on his deathbed and knew the end was near. His nurse, his wife, daughter and two sons were all gathered around him. First he addressed his kids: "Bernie, I want you to take the Mayfair houses. Sybil, you take the apartments on the East End. Jamie, I want you to take the offices downtown." Finally he turned to his wife. "Sarah, my dear, you can have all the residential buildings on the banks of the river."

The nurse was totally blown away by all of this, and as Doug slipped away, she said, "Mrs. Smith, your husband must have been such a wonderful, hard-working man to have accumulated all that property."

"Property?!" Sarah exclaimed. "The schmuck was dividing up his paper route."

Question: What's the upside to growing really old?

Answer: Less and less peer pressure.

Upon returning from his weekend pass, a soldier was questioned by his commanding officer as to where all his money had gone.

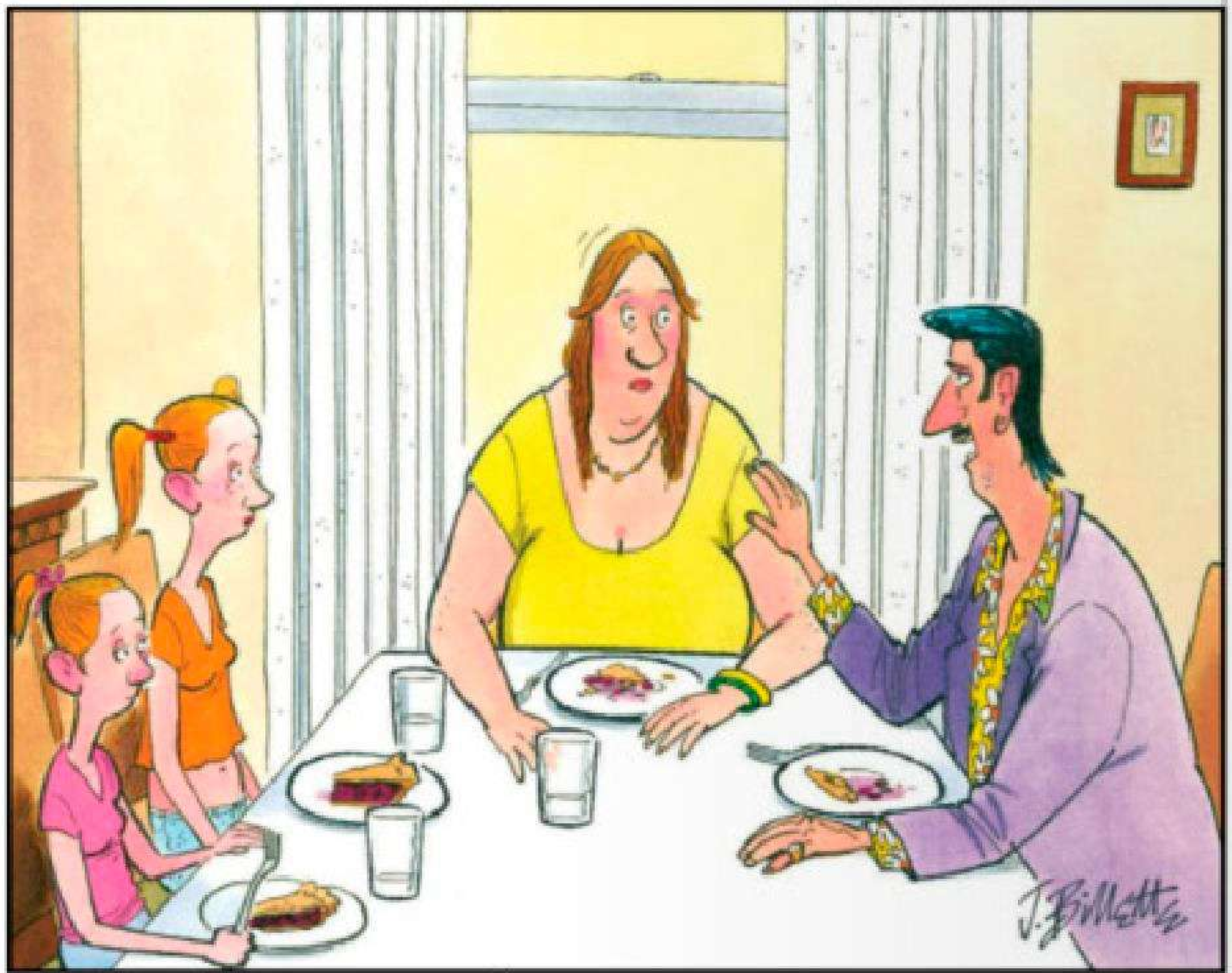
The soldier replied, "Part for booze, part for women, and the rest spent foolishly."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *liposuction* as letting the fat out of the bag.

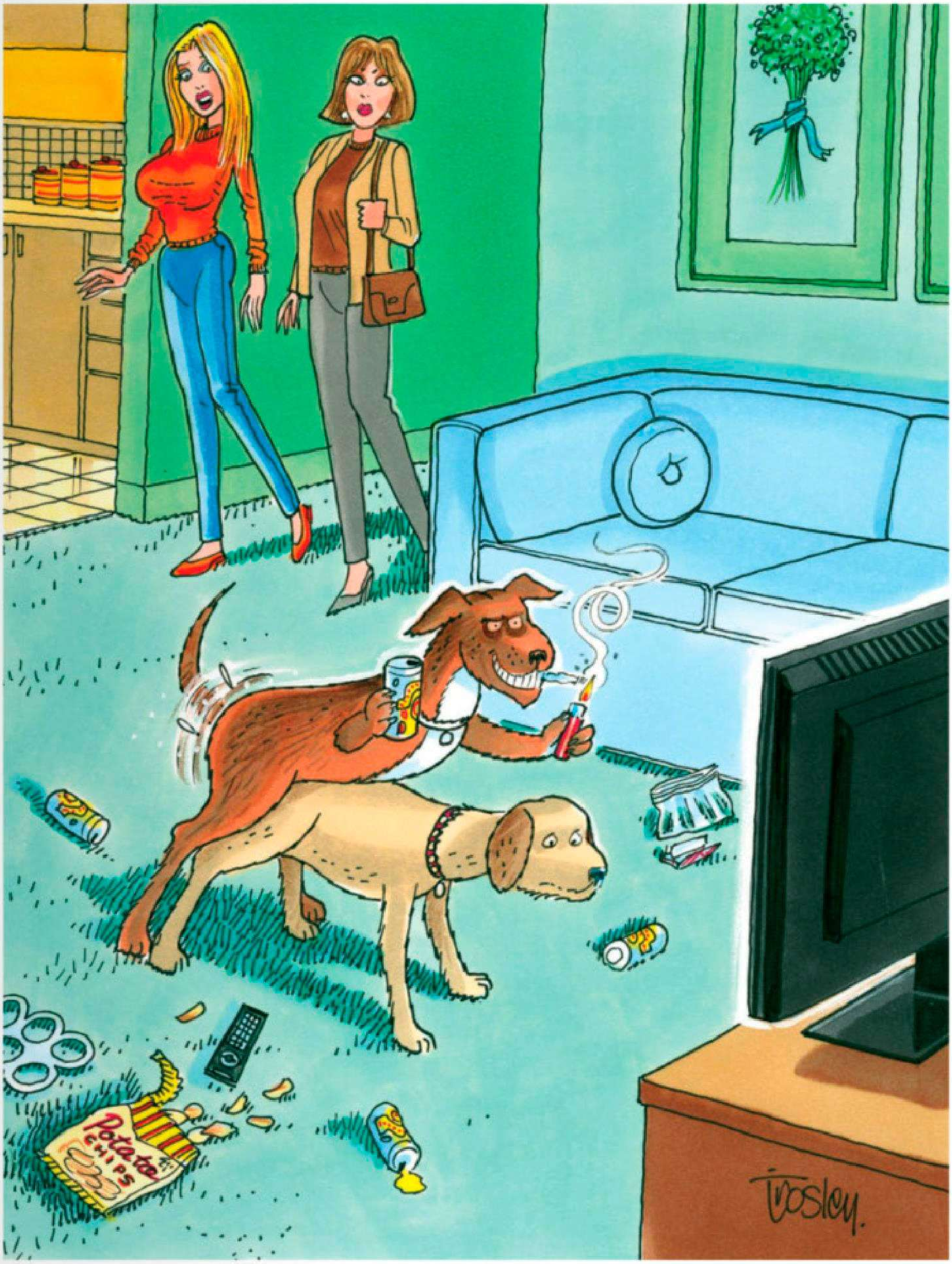
How to please a woman: Love her. Take her to dinner. Miss the game for her. Buy her jewelry. Be interested in what she has to say.

How to please a man: Show up naked. Bring beer.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"I've got a question, babe. When we get married, are your kids, like, off limits?"


Potato Chips
Trosley

"My husband trained him."

GET

LAID not s¢rewed

We let Sin City's pros drag us upstairs by our wallets and tell us what to do, what not to do and how much it costs. Do not gamble on that sweet piece of Vegas vag without this quick and dirty cheat sheet in your pocket.

By M. Allen Nathan

Photography by Hew Burney

Certain purchases shouldn't be made on impulse. A house. A car. A big-screen TV. A Vegas prostitute.

When you come home from that drunken conference and your significant other says, "You didn't get a hooker while you were there, did you?" your bald-faced lie better be worth the trouble. Paying too much money to bang some skank and then having to lie about it is not only going to make you feel like an asshole; it will also enhance your anxiety that any minute it's going to start burning when you pee.

On the other hand, buying the right hooker can be the stuff that bucket lists are made of. If you've got the budget, and do your homework, you can bang a stunningly good-looking woman in the Vale of Vice. We're talking rock-star grade.

Before we go on, however, it must be stated that all the information in this article is strictly of a theoretical nature. The world's oldest profession is still technically illegal in Las Vegas, which means Vegas "hooker tips" can only be applicable for a progressive time in the future when this legal status has changed. That also means that the escorts featured in this article—Marie Styles, Anna Marie and Mina Jouet—can currently only offer companionship of a nonsexual nature, i.e., no horizontal boogie. Otherwise, they'd be breaking the law. Got it? Good.

Now that the legal team has left the room, let's begin with "theoretical" topic number one: How do you find gorgeous sluts? The answer is, the same way you do everything else nowadays—on the Internet. Gone are the days of awkwardly asking cabdrivers, bellmen and bouncers to hook you up. Just go to web sites that provide information on independent escorts, as opposed to agencies who will send you a chick who looks absolutely nothing like the picture online. (You don't want a "Sis, is that really you?" situation.) The next step is to call her up and discuss exactly what it is you're looking for. If you want a specific wardrobe, if you want the lady to accompany you to dinner first, if you want a second companion, if you want anal sex, bondage, domination, whatever, you've got to make sure the lady has the time, the friends, the costume, the props or the willing enough butthole—in advance. Can you actually say, "Can I fuck you in the ass?" You can, but if you want to make sure she doesn't just play it safe and hang up, you may want to just ask, "What services do you provide?" >>

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> ◆◆If you insist on negotiating, be prepared to literally go fuck yourself.◆◆

Be prepared to give back some information as well—usually just a name and a phone number. The ladies need to verify your identity for their safety. Some of the better-organized ones may ask you for an email reference from one of their slutty colleagues, or run you through an informal don't-fuck registry to make sure you're not a serial killer, whore-basher or just cheap-shit scum. Once you figure out whether she'll really do what your wife or girlfriend won't, the escort will name her price. If you insist on negotiating, be prepared to literally go fuck yourself. Genuinely beautiful women who have sex for money are in short supply, which means business is good and cheapskates get what they pay for: inferior pussy. Also, if you're concerned about the possibility of hearing the words, "Open up. Police," from outside your hotel door right after you whip out your johnson, once again, the key is to stick to pimp-free escorts—the ones who advertise themselves as independents. Cops are generally interested in busting vice rings (better headlines), not single girls just trying to earn some grocery money on their backs and knees.

So what's this bucket list, Jagger-like experience going to set a man back? The answer is, no more than a bad night of no-limit Hold'em, meaning $400 to $700 for an hour or an hour and a half, depending on your libido. Is it worth it? Well, as Marie Styles puts it, "You can drive a Kia and eat at McDonald's if you want to satisfy your basic transportation and hunger needs. The word to remember here is *basic*. The same rule applies to escort shopping."

The good news for tightwads is, if you've got between $150 and $200 to spend, you can still pound an okay-looking specimen (definition of okay-looking being dependent on your level of alcohol consumption). You'll find her working a casino bar after midnight, and she'll happily head to your room with you, all the while slurring into your ear on the elevator ride up how she's going to make all your fantasies come true as she paws your pockets for a cell phone she can hawk.

But unless your fantasy is to bust a nut fast with a woman whose business plan is to fuck as many guys as she can in as short a time as possible, you're not going to be thrilled. As Mina Jouet observes, "A budget hooker will do every trick she can to make you come quickly, because she deals in quantity. Her snatch is a like a busy turnstile—no lingering."

A quality encounter, or as they say in the trade, a "girlfriend experience," is exactly what it sounds like—only better. Expensive hookers (unlike your actual wife or girlfriend) will consistently do a terrific job pretending that you're an endlessly fascinating person. They'll always laugh at your jokes, and more importantly, as Mina Jouet points out, "We always are super understanding if you decide to share your business problems, marital issues or deep, dark sexual desires." High-class call girls are popular for more than just sex; they won't judge you. They will only try as hard they can to listen and to please you—within reason. >>

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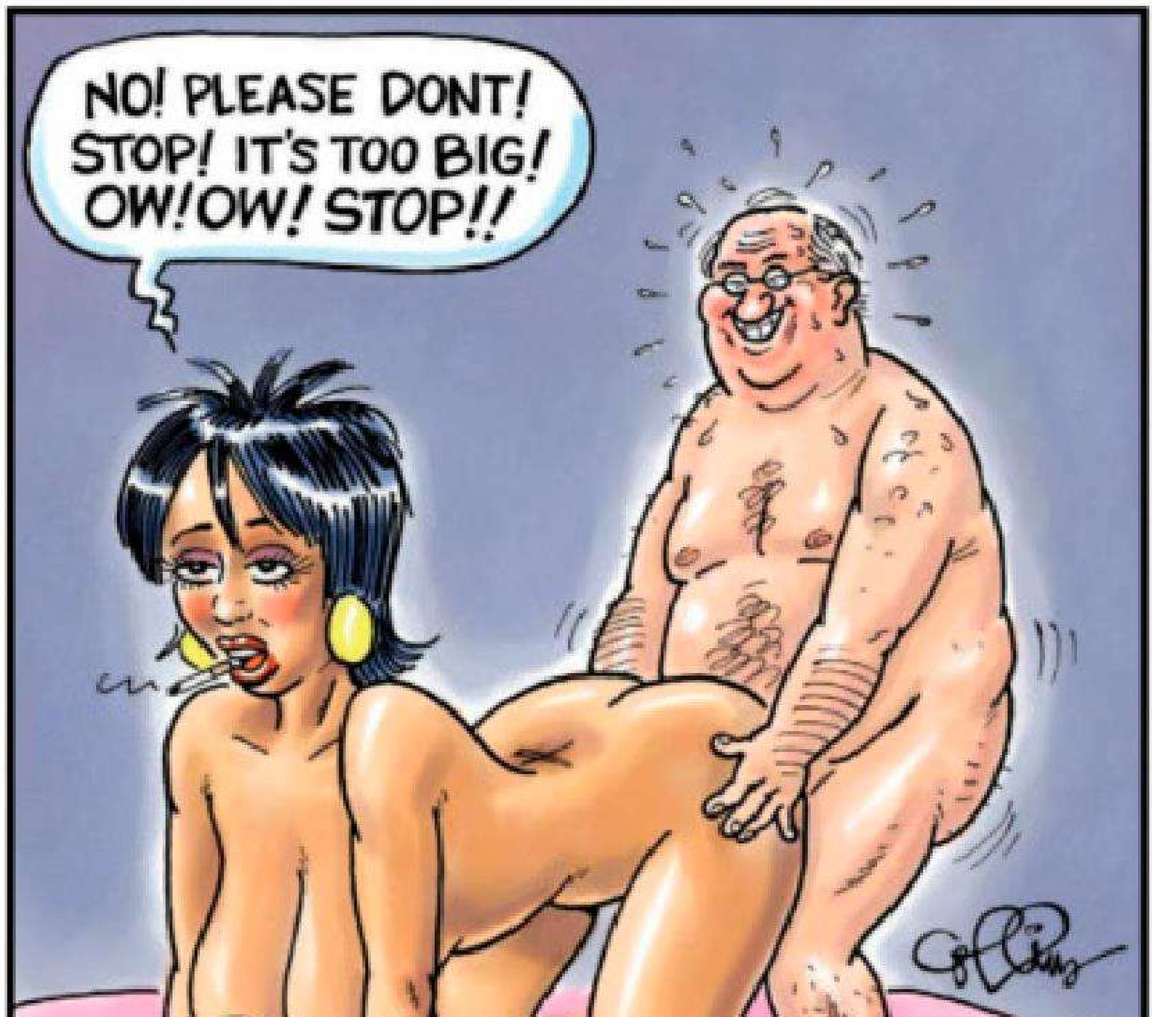
Which brings us to condoms. Condoms prevent disease, and no matter how much you'd prefer a skin-to-skin experience, even expensive hookers will insist on a sealed cock for penetration. That said, some might forego a rubber for blowjob only, because the risk factor for disease is much lower. This policy is industry standard, so time arguing the point is time wasted not screwing. Don't do it.

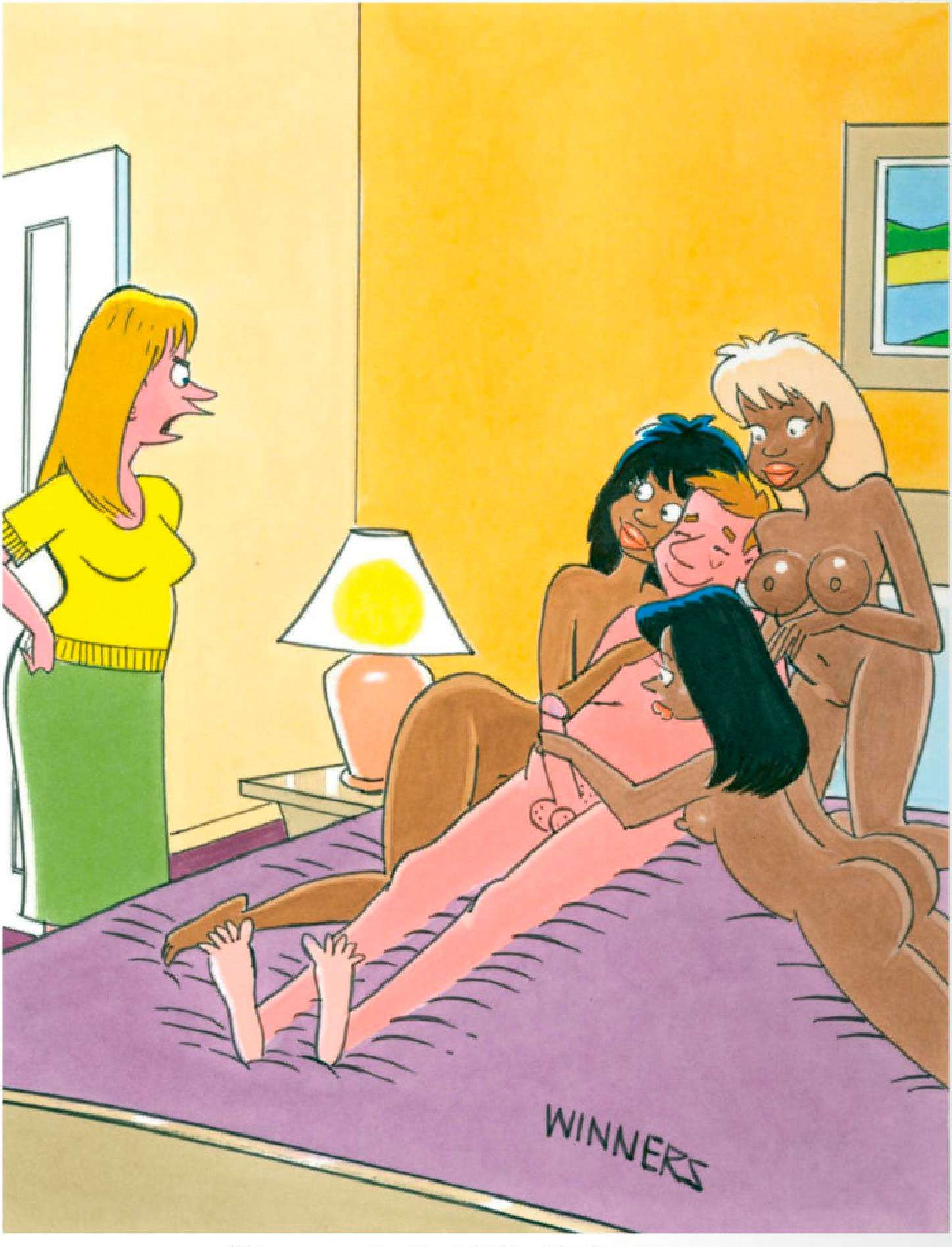
The call girls featured in this article all like to start their session with a slow, sensual, butt-naked massage. This helps the client forget the price tag and creates a feeling of intimacy. Then it's time for kissing (probing tongues and exchange of saliva kind of kissing), leading up to the oral portion of the session. If mutual oral satisfaction is your thing, help yourself to a juicy piece of hair pie. Or if you prefer full-service rather than the buffet, sit back and enjoy.

Whenever you're ready, fuck your lay-for-pay as vigorously and as imaginatively as you can handle. Come as often as you want, wherever you want—on her face, her tits, her ass, her hair (she might not appreciate that last one, but try to do it respectfully). Make it count. She may have been pricey, but memories are priceless.

Anna Marie sums up the girlfriend experience with this enticing promise: "The gentleman who is prepared to pay top dollar to make love to the right caliber of women will feel like he's the star of his own personal, superhot XXX movie."

She is speaking theoretically, of course.


NO! PLEASE DONT! STOP! IT'S TOO BIG! OW!OW! STOP!!
HOW HOOKERS SCORE BIG TIPS



"For a man who doesn't like blacks, you sure surround yourself with a lot of them!"

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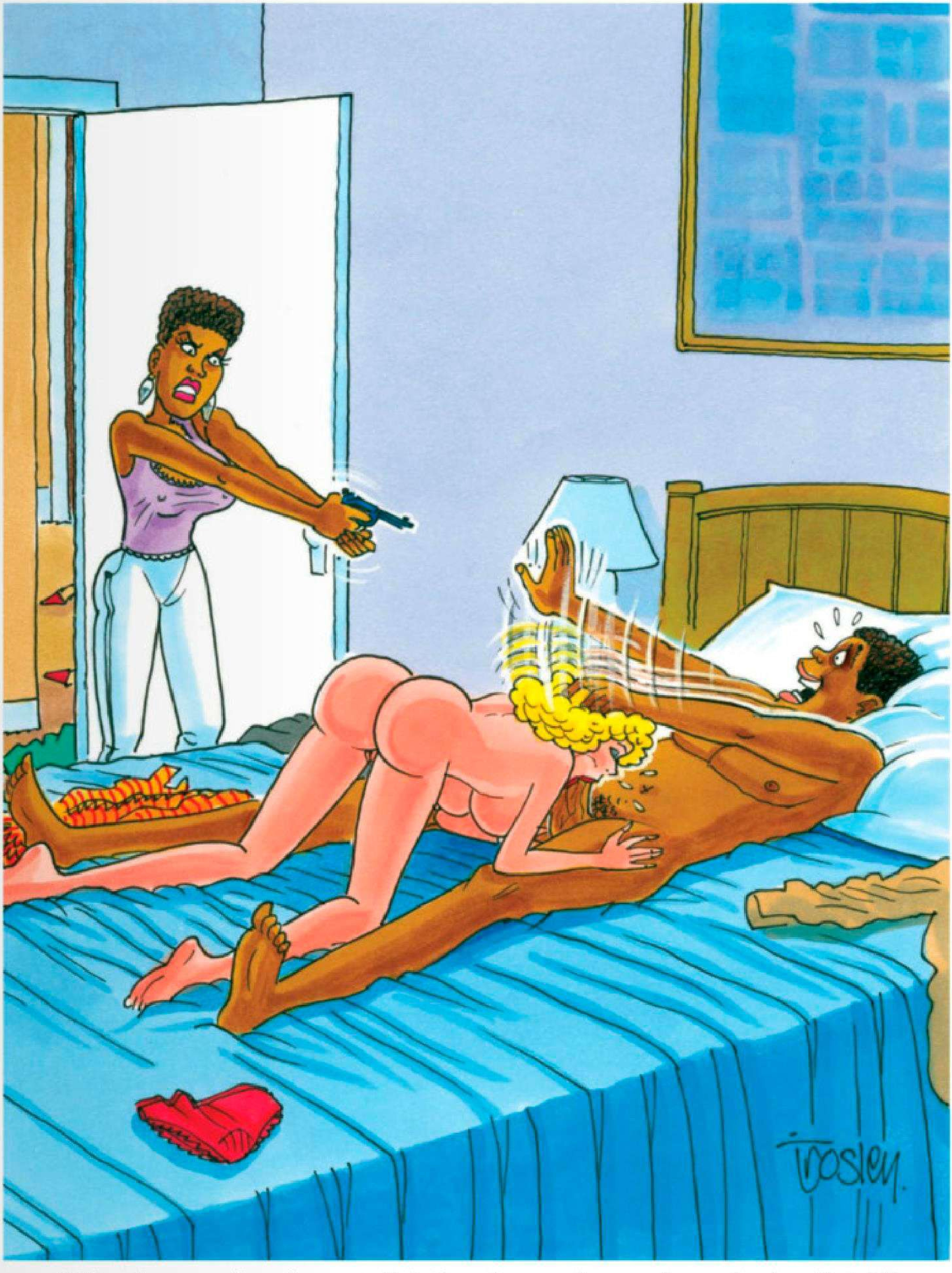

"If you've ever loved me at all, baby, please, please, please *let her finish!*"

TEGAN SUMMERS

SLIPPERY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

You know a girl's about to get to work when she puts her hair up in a ponytail before giving head. I do it every time. Mostly I like to start with a blowjob, but then sometimes I just need a good pounding and want to go straight to it. Either way, multiple sex encounters per day keep my stress away. Live. Laugh. Love!"

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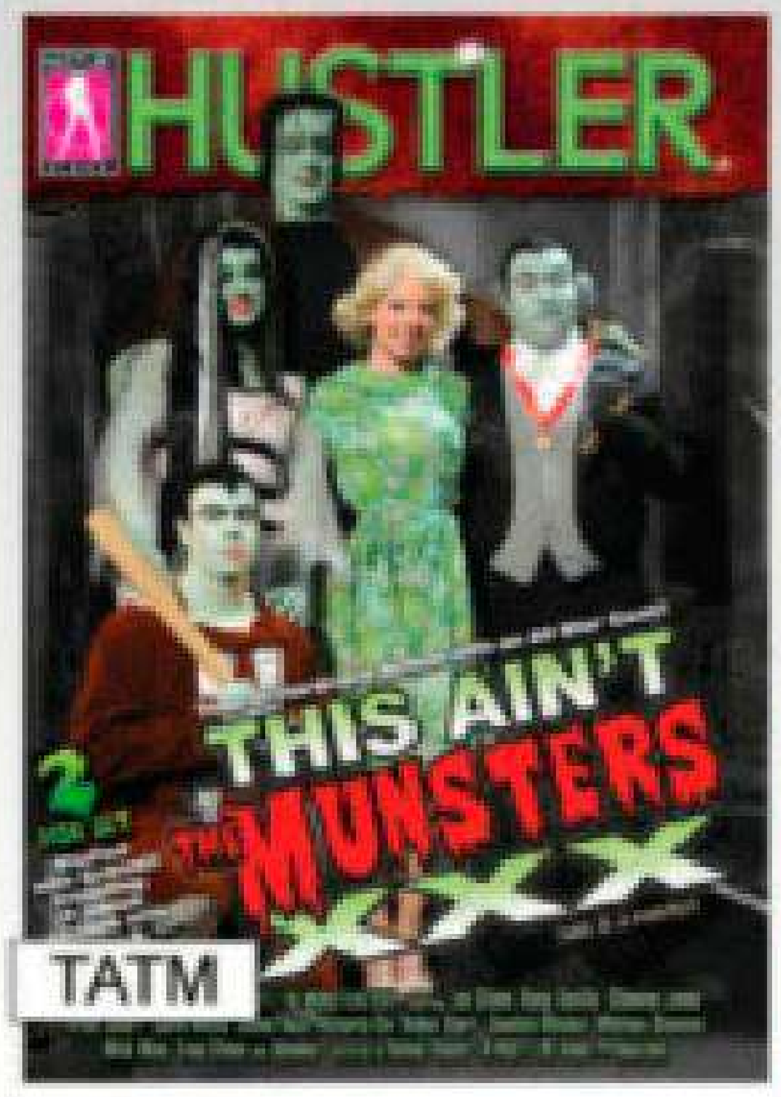
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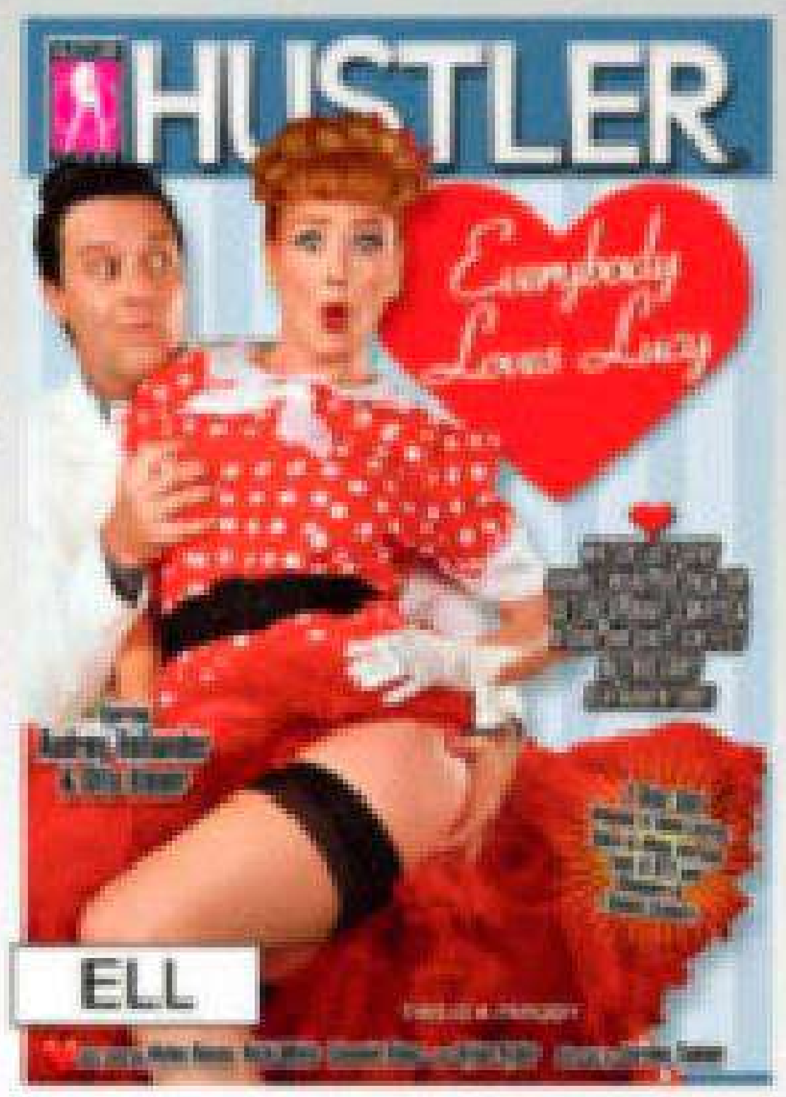
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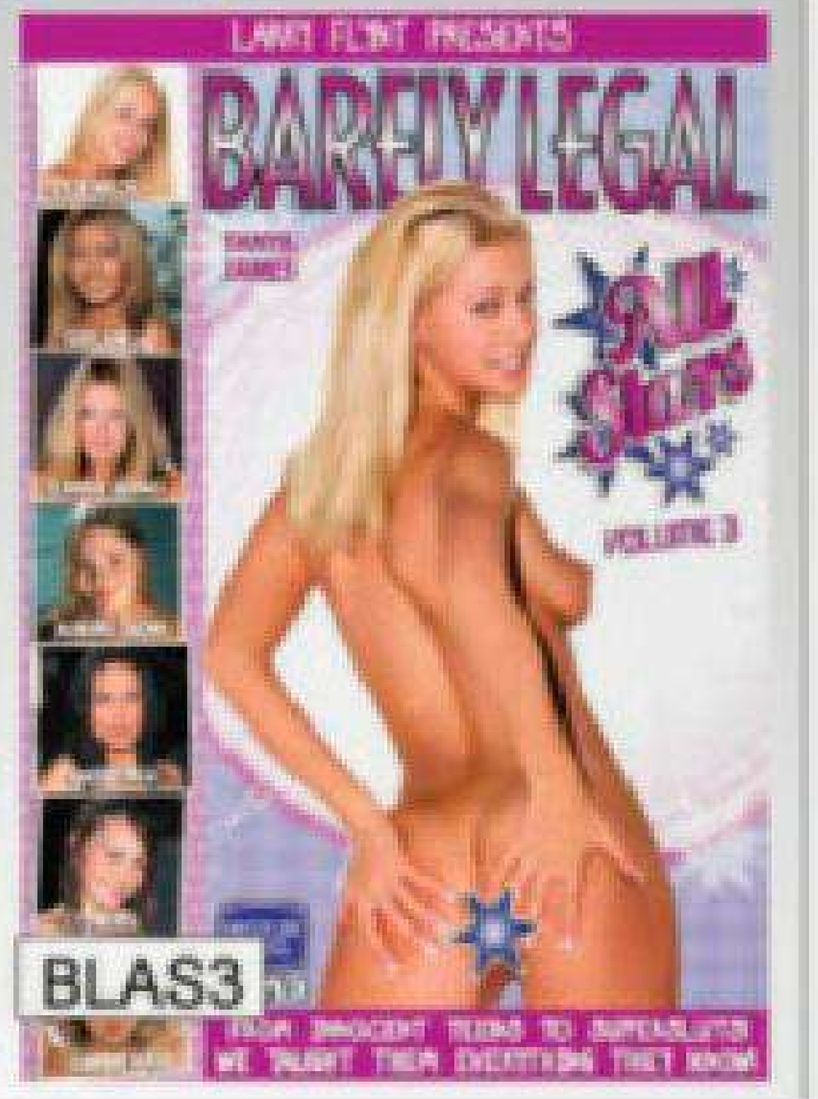
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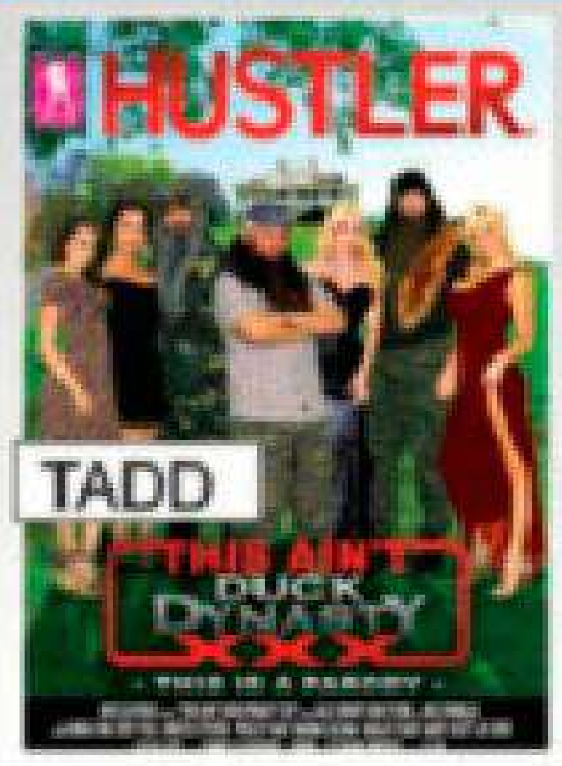
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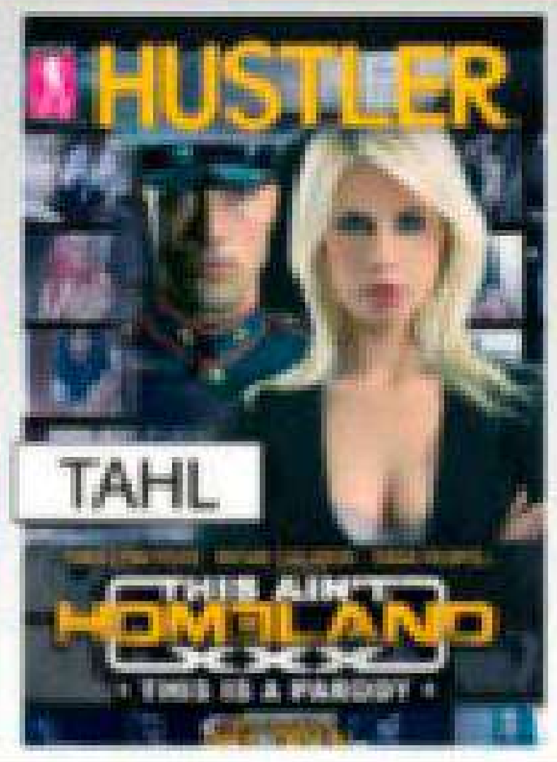
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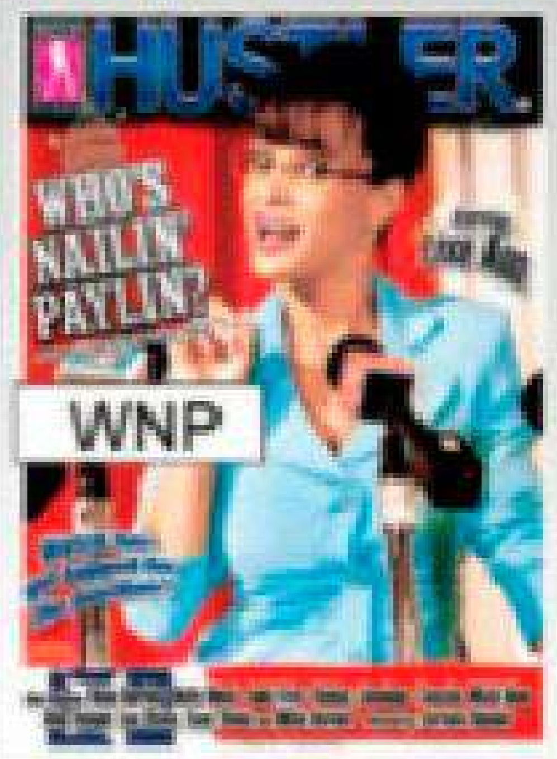
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NAUGHTY

NINA FERRARI

Zapping two birds with one stone, this naughty denizen of Denton, Texas, is a January birthday celebrant. She's also rekindling a seasonal *Beaver Hunt* tradition—donning a Santa cap while skimping on other attire. "I'll be 29 forever," hoots Nina Ferrari, a workout and movie aficionada who's as whimsical as she is uninhibited: "If people ask me how old I am, I tell 'em I'm 50 and a sexy grandma." Nina's definitely sexy and grand. "I'm in two skin businesses," the 5-foot-6 Lone Star Stater tells us. "I'm an exotic dancer, aesthetician and former adult-film starlet. I wanted to model again so I could give my fans hot pics to look at and let 'em know I'm not dead. I'm still very alive, bi and spontaneous. I love fucking in strange places where I might be caught." Even Nina's musical tastes befit a sex goddess: "My favorite band is Nine Inch Nails, but I love stripping to 'Bangarang' by Skrillex." —*Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My fantasy is fucking a drill sergeant who barks out what he wants me to do. I love being a macho dude's obedient sex toy."

BONNIE

"I'm dying to be a Suicide Girl—yep, I'm a jokester—but I couldn't pass up on being a HUSTLER girl too," proclaims Bonnie, 21, a college student from Santa Rosa, California. "I'm secure with my body and very kinky. I like bondage a lot, and I have to be in charge, but sometimes I get off lying on my back and being taken advantage of." The 5-foot-2 hottie also digs rappers Too $hort and A$AP Rocky but not the boob tube. "I'm too busy with life," explains bodacious Bonnie, who isn't a classroom slacker despite her devilishly angelic bravado: "I love freaky sex, exerting my power over men and partying till the cows come home!" —*Photos by Friend*

"I want many men to find out how devilish I can be when I'm having sex. So I've come up with the perfect fantasy: being a gangbang girl."

Twitter: @Corynn_Conrad • Email: CorynnConrad@LoveRanch.net

CORYNN CONRAD

"I'm used to being punished for exposing my body," states this "spunky, happy and talkative" resident of Reno, Nevada. "I was fired at an Applebee's for flashing my newly pierced nipples! So I just had to be naked where it's legal and accepted, like HUSTLER Magazine." But before heading our way, 23-year-old Corynn Conrad kissed waitressing goodbye and found a workplace where providing sexual services is legal. "I get paid to have wonderful and adventurous encounters with men, women and couples at Love Ranch North," the 5-foot-4 enchantress reveals. "I consider myself to be bisexual, naturally submissive and very naughty. I specialize in role-playing, I have what clients call a neverending throat, and anal sex can be a pleasurable experience with copious amounts of lube and saliva." It appears that Corynn—a Sublime, Journey and *Tosh.0* fan who captained her high school's cheer team—is hell-bent on adding a sizzling chapter to her favorite book, *Harlots, Whores & Hookers: A History of Prostitution.* —*Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"I'd love to act out my fantasy where I'm a naughty student willing to do *anything* to get the teacher to give me a high grade!"

"My fantasy is to have a threesome with two sexy surfer dudes with long hair that I can pull and yank."

ODETTE

This "funny, ambitious and hard-working" waitress from Gadsden, Alabama, has literally gotten her feet wet as a nude model in HUSTLER, but she wasn't always so audacious. "The first time I went to a nude beach, I felt very uncomfortable," Odette, 21, recalls. "Everyone was staring at me, and I was so embarrassed that I ran into the water and stayed there for hours." Now horndogs can stare for hours at the 5-foot-2 reading, sketching and shopping buff, who's quite comfortable talking about her sexuality. "I'm very seductive and a little bi-curious," Odette confides, "and I've been into everything since that wild night I did 69 and anal and then got a facial."

—Photos by Kickback Productions

VALKYRIE

Anatomy of the Spirit is one of Valkyrie's favorite books, and now the 5-foot-7 "wild card" from Dallas, Texas, can lift viewers' spirits by showing off her voluptuous anatomy from head to toe. "I've been naked in many places," Valkyrie relates. "I'd walk around naked all of the time if I knew it wouldn't get me arrested. I'm easygoing, mysterious, surprising and occasionally rebellious. Too bad society is so uptight. I think people invest way too much on clothes!" Lady Gaga admirer Valkyrie, a carving enthusiast who'll be turning 36 in January, rocks to Evanescence, Family Band, Paramore and straight sex. "I just try to be in the moment and let it evolve naturally," Valkyrie explains with a kicker: "I've been lucky enough to live out all of my sexual fantasies." —*Photos by Ron Neumann*

"Nude modeling is one expressive outlet I have; the other is enjoy-the-moment sex."

Facebook.com/ValkyrieSkuldhellia

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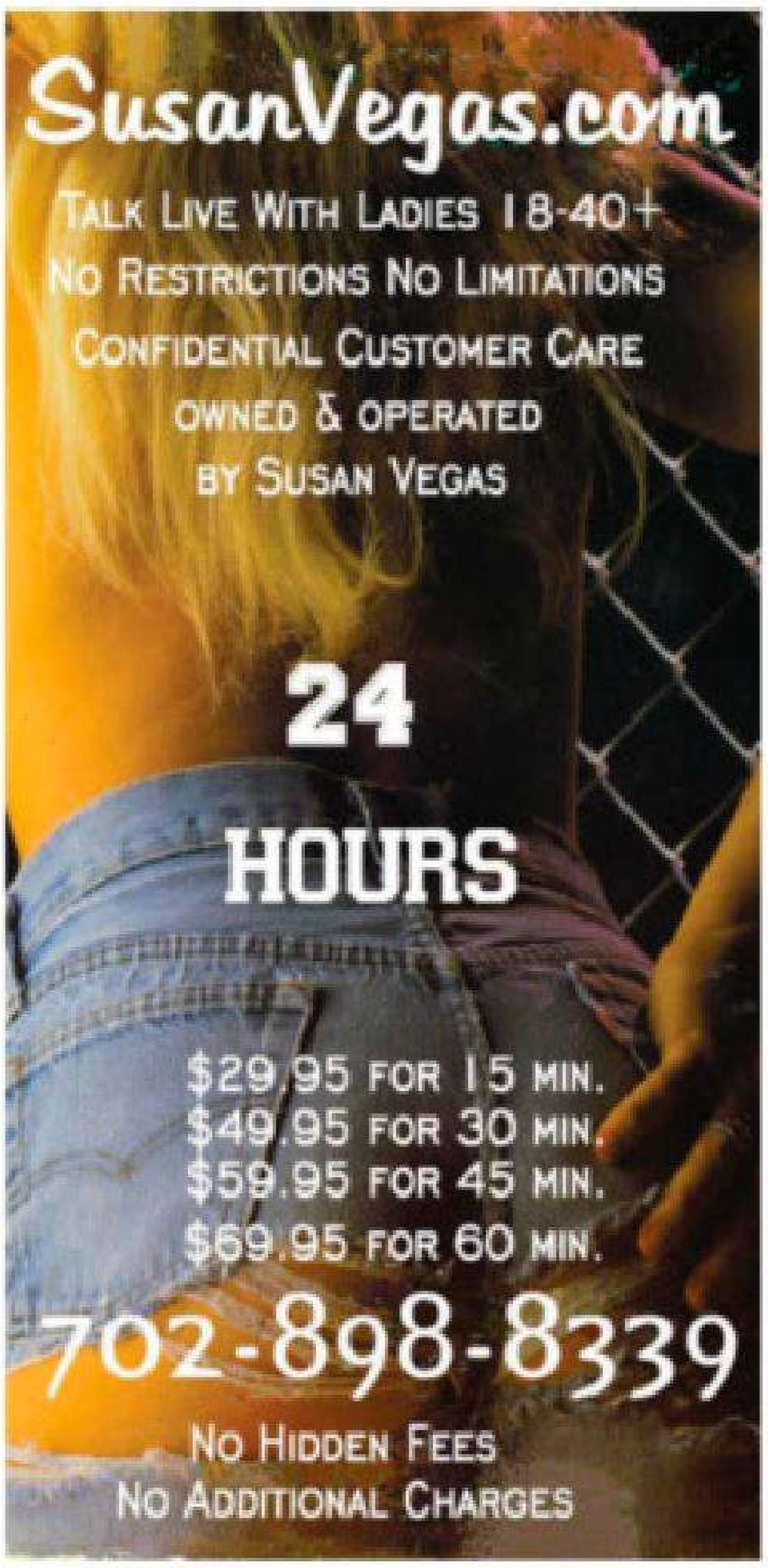

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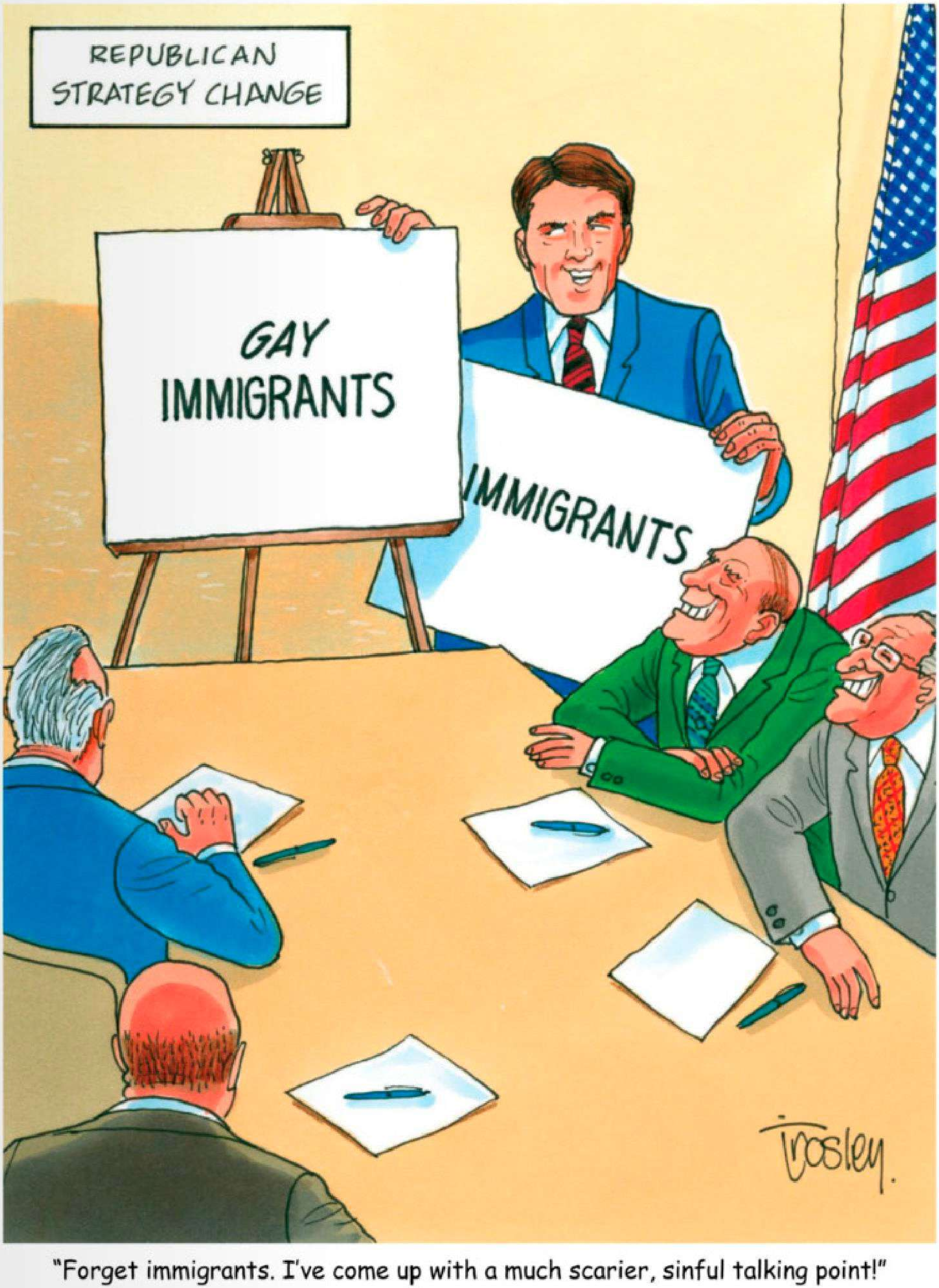
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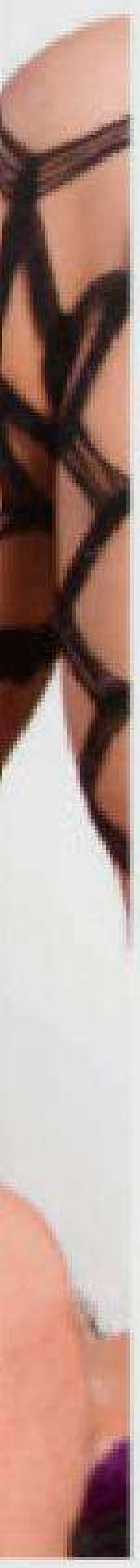

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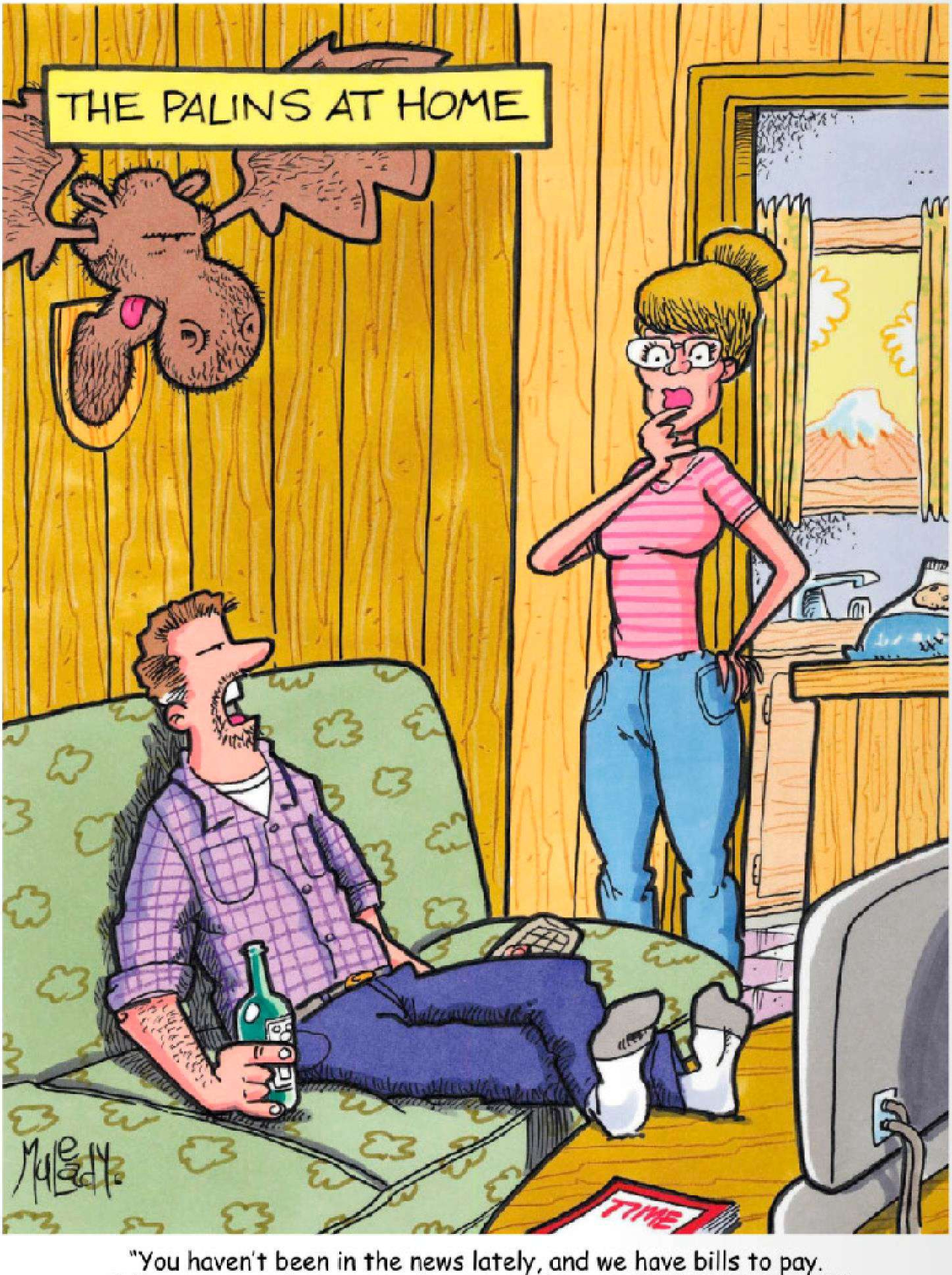
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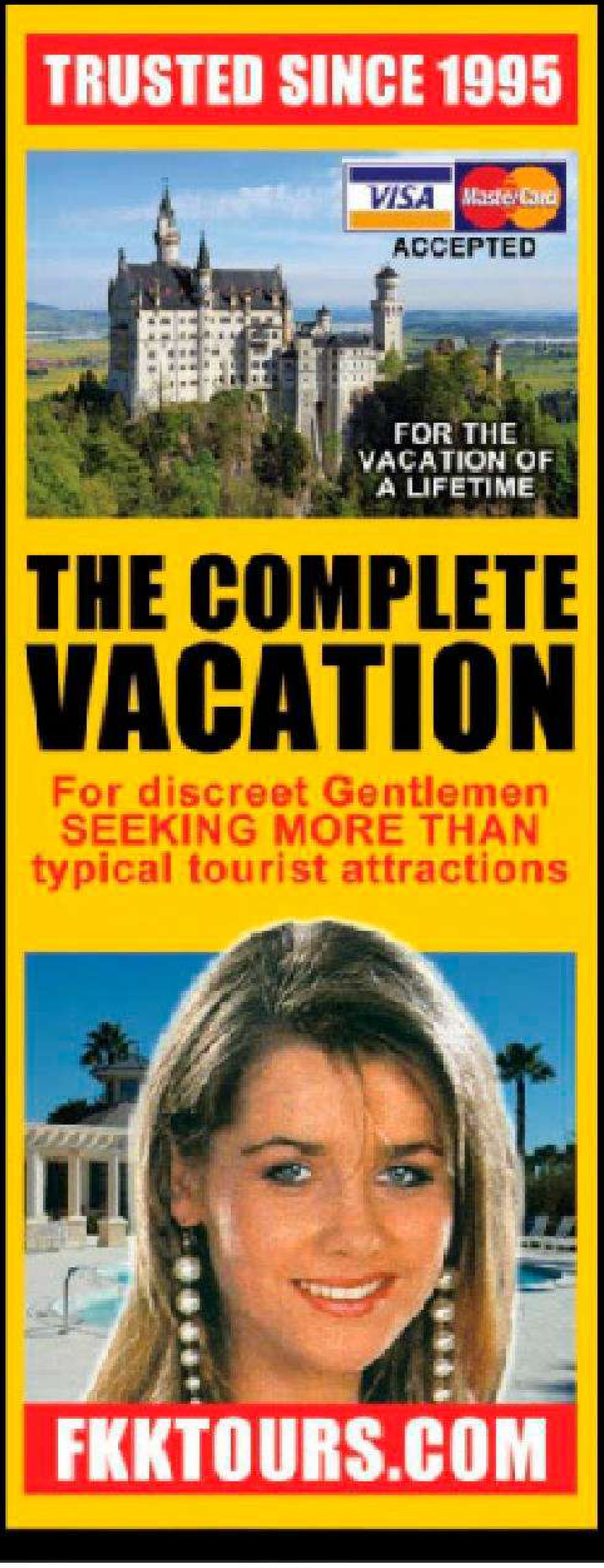

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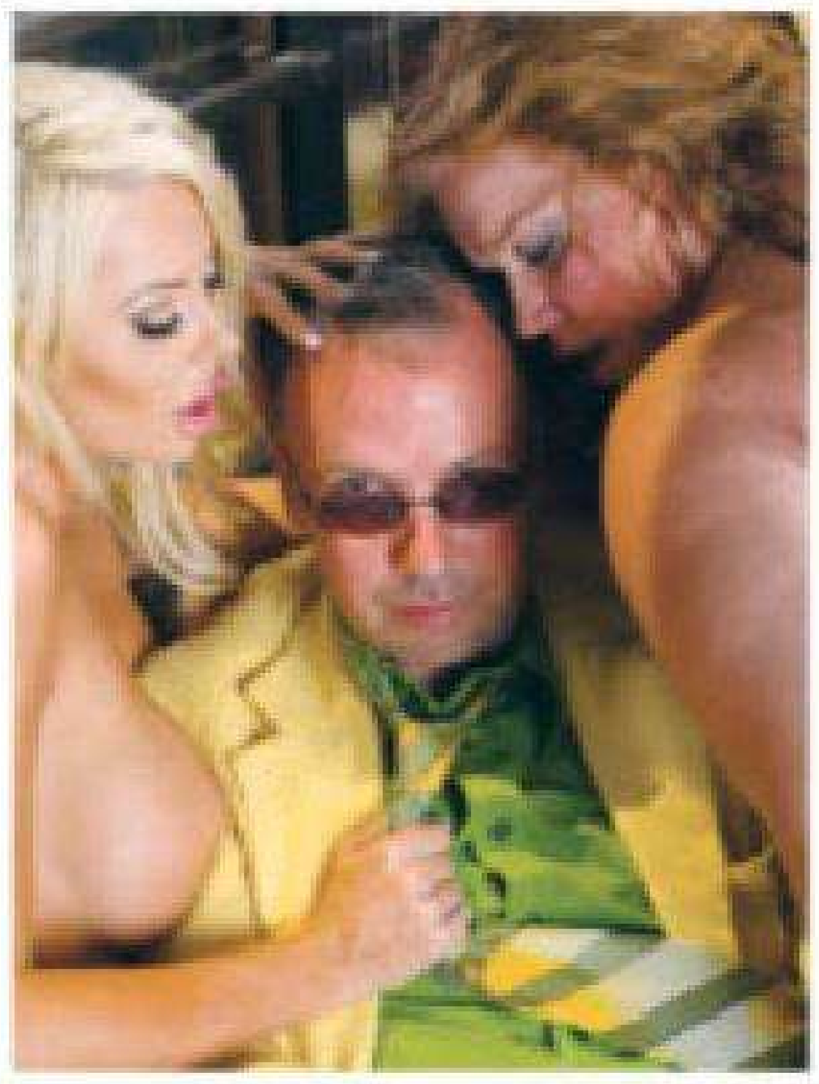
"Living in an ivory tower has its advantages," chirps sultry **Sunny**, stepping out of her Jacuzzi. Relaxing on her towel under the sun, the dark goddess probes her quim and licks the goo. "Almost priceless," **Sunny** exclaims, slurping the juice that drips around her wrist. "Damn, I wish some cum was mixed with this."

COMING SOON

GIVE YOUR SLAVE WHAT SHE CRAVES

With the world dripping wet about the Valentine's Day movie release of *50 Shades of Grey*, we offer kinkmeister Ernest Greene's twist on a classic story of perversion. Here's how a true taboo master makes his plucked flower submit.



DOUG STANHOPE GETS TRASHED

The booze-guzzling, gutter-mouth comedian who's been called America's most depraved man finally lands where he belongs: in the offices of HUSTLER with some naked trash—and a couple of nice ladies! Finally, somebody gets what they deserve.

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